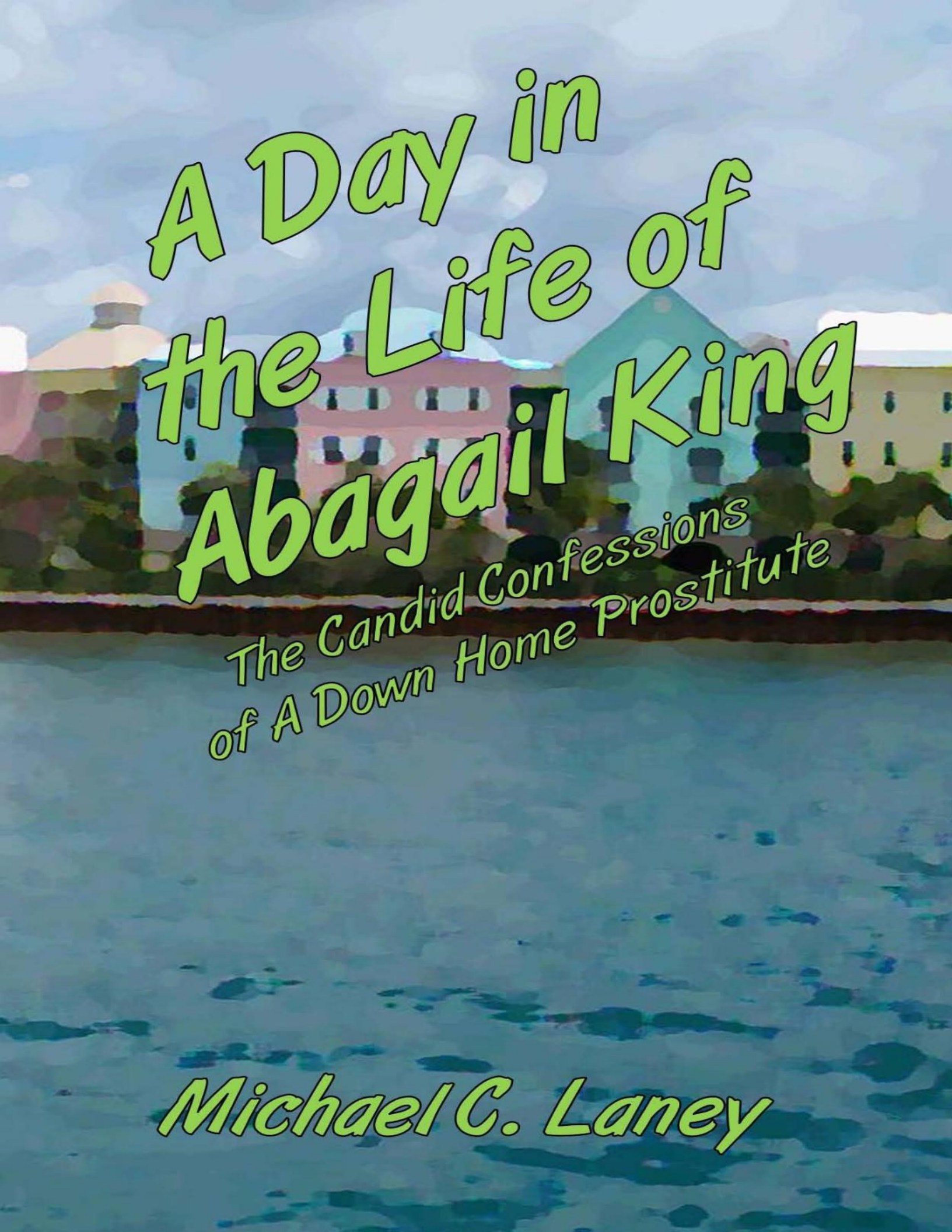
A Day in the Life of Abagail King
The Candid Confessions of A Down Home Prostitute
Michael C. Laney

Also by Michael C. Laney

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A Day in the Life of Abagail King

The Candid Confessions of a Down Home Prostitute

A Novel

By Michael C. Laney

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(And Probably in All the Five Counties)

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Introduction

Prostitution. The world's oldest profession. Don't worry I'm not going to break into a history lesson or speculate on just how and when it got started. I just think that it's hard to escape the fact that as long as civilization has existed and probably as long as it continues to exist, that there will be prostitutes somewhere out there.

I have to admit I have had a fascination with prostitutes and their lifestyles as long as I was aware there was such a thing. My first brush with the subject came from catching a little bit of *The Best Little Whore in Texas* on television one year while my family was vacationing in Daytona (which in the end was a huge influence on the location and setting for the following novel). Then later on I saw prostitutes in films, mainly comedies, like *Porky's*, *Police Academy*, *Night Patrol* and *Trading Places*. At the time I really didn't get it, and was only vaguely aware that a prostitute, hooker or a whore, was a woman who took her clothes off for a man for money.

Then as I got into middle school and started to get a better grasp on sex and sexuality I became a little more keenly aware of what prostitution was. They just didn't take their clothes off for money, but they also had sex for money. That was when I started to wonder just what the big deal was about it, and why did it seem to be such a crime.

Of course the more you become aware of the world, and the more you research, the more you understand. Prostitution for the most part is a profession that is not very kind to its practitioners. It's rarely glamorous and quite often dangerous, and for various reasons. Even so I found it a fascinating subject and realized that no matter what reason or situation had caused someone to become a prostitute that they were interesting characters.

I began using characters involved in prostitution in my stories in my senior year of high school, when I created several for what I had hoped to be my first novel, *Whispers of Darkness*. Then in 1994 I wrote a pair of prostitution stories, the first draft of this novel *A Day in the Life of Abagail King,* and the original draft of the short story *$75.00 Worth*. Both of which sat gathering dust until last year when I wrote a completely different version

of *$75.00 Worth* as well as a reworking of the initial story as *A Secret Cheap Thrill*. (Since then I have reversed the titles back to their original stories, and if I'm lucky enough I might get them into wider circulation at some future date.) I had in the back of my mind that I wanted to do a new draft of *Abagail King* someday, but I had put it on the back burner as I worked on other projects.

It wasn't until a few months ago that I decided to put several of my older stories on my eReader to take along with me and look over when I went to attend my oldest son's graduation in Missouri. *Abagail King* was the first one I read, and I quickly realized that the story had stood up pretty well, and didn't need too much work done to it to fix a few things that didn't quite work, and to add extended scenes which would turn it into a novel length story. So I went at it, quickly getting the feel of the character and letting the words flow as I edited and reworked the story. It almost felt like cheating, having a novel that was already 85% there, but really how much can you cheat when you're writing to suit yourself as opposed to writing on assignment?

The story of Abagail King is not the typical story that most women, and men, involved in prostitution live. She is an independent, who embraces her lifestyle as the best job she's ever had. I am quite capable of writing a more gritty and harsh story, but with Abagail I have a character who's firmly in control of her own destiny and looks at it from her own point of view and through her own eyes. She's practical, witty and funny, and above all she has this ability to look at prostitution as something enjoyable as well as profitable as long as you're smart about the way you do it.

Well I'm not going to bore you with any further details, but I did want to set the record enough to let the reader know that this story is not written with the idea that prostitutes have fun and fancy free lives, only that it's about a prostitute who happens to feel that it is for her. I also didn't write this story to either promote or condemn prostitution, but rather to entertain you with the exploits of one told in her own words and from her own unique viewpoint.

In closing let me just say that I hope you enjoy Abagail's story as much as I have enjoyed creating it.

Michael C. Laney
Davenport, Florida
July 5, 2011

In Memory of Charlie Riffel

Who felt prostitution was a fact of life
and helped start my obsession with the world's oldest profession.

A Day in the Life of Abagail King

Okay, to begin with I guess I don't really know what to write. I thought I did. You know? I thought I had an idea. I've thought about doing this for a while now, just taking some spare time and writing stuff down. I've got a lot of that when I want it. And now here I am on "vacation". And well, I give myself kind of a vacation at least four days a row in a month, but this time is different. It's a real kind of vacation, the kind where I can do just what I want to do.

Well, the idea was to have this vacation and write something. I just got to stop and get it together because from the look of this so far I really got no clue what I was gonna write or why I even ever thought about doing it.

Well, vacation is a laugh, kind of. I don't have a job. At least not a job in the paycheck kind of way. I suppose I can consider myself gainfully

self-employed.

Ha! I'll get to that a little later.

Or maybe sooner the way this is going.

Oh, well. First time, so sue me. It's not like anyone's gonna ever get to read it anyway.

So, maybe I should tell you a little bit about myself first. My name is Abagail King. Yeah, I know most people spell it without the extra "a" and it's Abigail, but my momma spelled it different and so that's how it's been on my birth certificate and everything else. My friends call me Abbey, but you probably already guessed.

My maiden name was Stuts. I guess my marriage was okay until Harry decided he wanted to do his own thing without me in on it. We got divorced when I was 31. I'm 43 now. We didn't have any kids, and that suits me just fine. I got out of Harry's life and he got out of mine, and I have to say that I like things the way they are now.

I grew up in a little town called Bancroft. It isn't on any map, so don't look. It's a country town, real hick, near the eastern corner of Hodder County. I pretty much lived in Bancroft all my life, except for the first two years me and Harry were married and we lived over in Mill Basin.

Then after we got divorced I moved down here to Sunny Beach Shores. Maybe I should tell you about it too. When tourist come down they get this idea that the whole coast is just one big city, but it ain't. It kind of starts off up in the north around Ormond Beach and Holly Hill and just goes on down, through Daytona and on and on until it gets to Sunny Beach and then to here in the Shores before going on down to Summer Shores and beyond. You see all these places have city limits that are back to back so they can all say that they sit on the ocean. I guess all them city fathers had tourist in mind whenever they planned things out. West of the coastline all these cities and towns sprawl all over in different directions.

Well Ormond Beach and Holly Hill is where most of the retired farts go. Daytona Beach is where all the kids go; the good old "World's Most Famous Beach." is all Spring Break, Bike Week and NASCAR. Sunny Beach is where the businesses really are, and that's where all the big shots like to come and have their vacations and conferences at.

Let me tell you about my town though, Sunny Beach Shores. Tourist and businessmen coming through thinking that it's part of Sunny Beach all think of it as the bad part of town. We usually call it SBS, and sometimes Freakville. And of course all the tourist and the rest all like to joke like,

“You live in Sunny Beach. Get it, Sunny Beach, because it sounds like someone saying So-ne-beech. Get it?” Well, I guess the damn Yankees think we say, “Son of a bitch”, like that.

I suppose SBS didn’t get a bad rep for nothing. It was that little town where all the “workers” lived instead of being much of a part of the touristy area. It’s where the rich kids came to slum once they realized it was different from the “cleaner” tourist places, and that’s pretty much where it had to begin, just like any other low class area. So all the drug dealers and hookers and bums pretty much hang out in Sunny Beach Shores, and when people come through I’m sure they think they’re downtown somewhere instead of a different town altogether.

Anyway, it’s the hookers of SBS that I know the best, because I’m one of them.

There I said it.

Wrote it.

I bet you’re all shocked now. A hooker? A prostitute? A W-H-O-R-E?

Yeah, I know people think all kinds of stuff. Already you got to be thinking I’ve got some kind of horrible life. You think I got no self-esteem. Or maybe that I do it to get drugs with. Or that I don’t have enough skills to get a decent job.

Spare me.

The truth is I got the best job on earth, doing exactly what I want to do.

Oh, and I know there’s all the danger. Girls get robbed, and raped, and beat up and killed all the time. And it’s true, they do. The dumb ones.

See I learned how to play it all smart from the beginning. I like it and I’m good at it, and I’ve always had a huge stash of cash tucked away, some slipped into a couple of different banks around here and some in other places. I’m in demand, and if you’re good at something it’s easy to get the regulars and the fairly regulars. As for the rest, I can afford to be selective because I don’t have a drug habit that puts me into the position of having to mess with whoever comes around. If someone don’t look right, or if I think they’re funny I don’t need their business to get by. Not that I’m stuck up or anything, poor and ugly or handsome and rich don’t matter to me, as long as you ain’t crazy.

Facts being what they are I love to fuck, down and dirty and every way possible. Doesn’t everyone dream of having a job that they love to do and

get paid good for?

Yeah, there's a huge smile on my face, because Abagail King is living the dream!

When I first moved here I had a job at this dry cleaners, but I always got so many propositions from the guys that would come in I decided that I needed a second job. Then after a while I figured that I didn't need my day job because I was making more than enough money as a whore to get by. So once I had enough money to pay my trailer off I went into retirement from paycheck jobs at 33.

Yes, I live in a trailer park. It's probably the biggest one on the coast, and in fact it's so big that you can make it out from the top floors of some of the high rises on the south end of Sunny Beach. There's a lot of white trash and welfare cases that live here, but it's mostly a lot of women like me. Well at least in the same profession. I won't really claim there's anyone just like me. But you know what I mean. There's a lot of girls in the trailer park that sell themselves and they all got different reasons. So, pretty much the trailer park makes up SBS's red light district. Oh, yeah, even in the 1990's there's such a thing if you know where to look.

Now don't get me wrong on that point. My trailer park ain't as bad as you think, the way a lot of them are, and despite the fact that there's a lot going on around here it ain't crime central. My trailer ain't a hell hole, and there's not a bunch of guys showing up at all hours of the night wanting to get laid. I'm a compulsive cleaner. I get that from my momma. Plus I take care of most of my business elsewhere for the most part, and I only let a few regulars I've known and trusted for years ever come home with me. It works for me, and if anyone who really cares to do anything comes along I just look like another welfare case instead of a hooker.

So, anyway, like I said, no hell hole. I want to have stuff that's nice, or at least nice enough that I don't feel like I'm as poor as I was growing up. I got some nice furniture. I have my own washer and dryer, which seems to be a premium around here. There's always plenty of gas for the stove. I also have a big TV and a nice stereo (the best in the whole park so I'm told). In the beginning I used to put in some marathon hours to get whatever I wanted if I wanted to buy something big. But I don't want too much anymore. I could have a house if I wanted, but who wants to pay a big property tax on land and shit like that? And of course I don't think a bank is going to give me a loan or let me buy a house for cash without a lot of questions coming up.

Did I mention that one of the perks of not having a paycheck job means that I haven't paid income tax in about ten years?

Shhhh- Don't tell.

I guess you might wonder how I can do what I do.

There are sometimes that I wonder about that myself. After all I ain't the hottest thing on two legs. Anyhow, I'll tell you about that in a second. First let me tell you a little about my background.

I like to think of myself as still a country girl at heart, coming from a little town like Bancroft. It's not that I don't enjoy living in a kind of touristy area or like all the "modern" convinces or ideas and stuff. It's just that I like my country music and a cowboy hat with a feather band on it, Richard Petty style, BBQ on Sunday and washed down with a cold beer. Most people wouldn't think I was still all that country by looking at me. They probably wouldn't be able to imagine it at all if they ever saw me in action with some of my preferred clientele. Yeah, I think I blend in pretty well, and yeah I'm fairly modern with my ideas about things and the way I think, but I end up being most like a small town girl in my private time.

Now it wasn't a secret that I was a big time slut around Bancroft before settling down to get married. I think I might have mentioned that I really enjoy fucking a great deal. It wasn't that I didn't have any good morals or anything. I just liked fuckin' around with a lot of different guys, and some gals. After getting through the big D it didn't take me too long before I realized that that had never changed.

But when you live in the country one of the first things you learn about is sex, or at least you see it, especially if you got animals. If you got chickens on your property there's no way to avoid it. God damn, all roosters want to do is fuck and eat. Yeah, my folks always had chickens. Then there was the dogs, and from a young age I was fascinated when Daddy or my uncles were getting their horses bred. Hell, my parents' property was almost like an animal orgy. Once, when I was in junior high school I even saw three squirrels pulling a train on each other. They were on a limb one behind another humpin' each other, then after a minute they all turned the other direction and they guy on the end got his turn in the action.

Honest to God, it ain't a lie. I really saw that, and whenever I think about it I can laugh so hard that I piss all over myself if I ain't careful. It

was a God damned squirrel daisy chain!

I can almost bet none of you have ever seen a bunch of queer squirrels having a daisy chain before.

But anyhow the thing is if you see animals having sex all the time when you're growing up it helps get you all curious about sex yourself. Then once you know what sex is really all about you can't wait to try. And then when you try it, if you like it, and you're like me, then you want to get it on all the time.

Kind of funny, because I was never one to say, No, or I'm tired, or Got a headache or anything like that. I don't even use that time of the month as much of an excuse. I got a mouth and an asshole. Plus if I'm hot enough if it don't bother you it won't bother me. But the thing that's funny is that I was always willing, but Harry still wanted something on the side. I could have dealt with that okay if he'd let me in on it or asked me to join in, but he had that need to be sneaky, and I don't really like sneaky.

Freaky though. Oh, I like freaky. I really can go for freaky if it ain't too damn weird.

Giving you just a little wink, see that adds to my popularity with my regulars.

It's kind of funny to me why guys even want me. Like I said I'm not a real looker. Once I hit around 26 I started to get fat, big belly and thighs. My ass and tits got big too, and they went from a D to a DD, so I guess it ain't all that bad. Plus more than one of my regulars is a real ass man, so that's a bonus too I guess. Anyway, my tits needed a boost because I never thought they looked to great. They still ain't saggy yet, but when I don't got a bra on they hang real low. My nipples are such a pale pink that you almost can't even see they're there unless they're hard. They just kind of seem to start where the skin gets bumpy. Most of the time the left one looks sunk in, but a good suckin' makes it pop up straight and right.

Hell, I think I look downright scary when I'm naked. I got such a tan that my tits and ass are so white they look like they can glow in the dark. There's stretch marks where my tits start and along my belly. That hangs down just a little bit, but not enough to hide my pussy. (At least not yet.) I got that cottage cheese all down the back of my legs and some on my ass. I guess you'd call that cellulite.

Now, I do smoke a couple of packs a day. Up to two and a half or three if it's an off day and I been drinkin' cause there's something about smoking and having a beer or a Jack and Coke that goes together so good. I

can't help it. I love my Americans. Plus there's something about being out there smokin' on the street that adds to the appeal I think, makes a gal like me look even more dangerous, maybe kind of exotic. So, yeah my teeth are a little brown. My fingers get a little stained up too, and my nails get this sick yellow color to them if I don't keep 'em painted and taken care of.

I keep my hair dyed blonde. It's naturally brown, which most everyone can tell by the roots. I shave up good and keep my pussy bare because most guys love that. But anyway, because I do a lot of walking around in the sun my hair on my head turns that platinum cotton candy shade that screams slut and whore.

Ha, the only way to put it simpler about my looks is to say I'm fuckin' ugly.

So how can I attract men?

How the hell do I get money for getting fucked?

It's hard to say, and I've fucked everyone and done almost everything you can possibly imagine. I've been with all kinds of men, and women. I've had the occasional drunk or druggie. Been with big shot businessmen in their fancy hotel suites. Fooled around with some bored housewives. Done college kids out for a good time. I've been with guys that wanted to do something behind their wife's back. I been with women who wanted to mess around while their husbands just stood and watched while they jacked off. I done stag parties and gang bangs. I've done some bondage and S&M stuff. I've been videotaped doing quite a few different things.

Yeah, if you can think of it I've probably done it at least one time. Most of my customers I see one time are tourist. But there are some of those who are seasonal visitors that I make arrangements with to meet up again whenever I know they're coming back to town. Then there's the locals, and my regulars, and they usually get more special attention from me.

The first time I ever got fucked was by my cousin Arnold. I guess some people think that's sick, but oh well. It was actually in a threesome with us and our other cousin, Sandy. See, Arnold was a pervert and he was good at it. He always liked to show his pecker off to girls, and he showed it to me and Sandy every time he thought he could get away with it. Of course, being younger, it got us all curious, especially since I was really ready for sex then because I already knew what it was and it seemed like

every week that passed I wanted to try it more and more. Yeah, once you know what all the parts involved in sex are and how they work and fit together you want to try it. Anyone that will tell you that that ain't so is nothin' but a damn liar.

Anyway, on that particular day I know my curiosity was pretty high. It was also Thanksgiving of all days! My Daddy and uncles had killed a hog and were gutting him. This was all over at Grandma Stuts's farm over by White City. So the men was all busy dressing out the hog while the women were all inside socializing and doing other stuff to get ready for dinner that evening.

Anyway, me and Arnold and Sandy was all back behind the old barn and he said there was something that he wanted to show us. Well, what he wanted to show us was him taking a piss. So you know, we of course wanted to watch and did it with great interest.

Well, I finally got the courage to ask him if I could touch it. Then that lead to him wanting to touch ours if he let us touch his. So, you know how it went, the old one thing lead to another, and before you knew it he had fucked us both. Everyone else was busy so we were never missed, and no one was curious as to how my face got smeared with dust, or why Sandy and Arnold had hay in their hair.

I don't know. I can tell you that it wasn't all that good, but I do know one thing. I think I was a sex addict from the start. As soon as Arnold had his pecker in me I just knew that it was something I was gonna want to do all the time. Like I said, until I was married I didn't let too many opportunities pass me by either.

So that's when it got started from the start, me loving sex and getting fucked. Somehow I was so stupid that I didn't figure out about playing with myself to get off on my own until I was out of high school, but go and figure.

Okay, here I am again, not knowing what to write. I was on a roll for a little bit there. Damn, how the hell do Stephen King and William W. Johnstone come up with all the stuff they write? Yeah, I like reading scary books at night. I like Ruby Jean Jensen and Patricia Wallace too, but Ruby Jean has a lot more books. They can all write, especially William W. Johnstone and Ruby Jean Jensen. Almost every month they have a new

book down at the Big Pride or the Winn Dixie. They got to write fast. A hell of a lot faster than this.

I don't know.

Maybe I should tell you what it is like for me on an average day. I can tell you all about yesterday. I mean I guess it would work, and I'd have plenty to tell about. Lots of juicy stuff that's still fresh in my mind.

So, here goes. I'll tell you about a day in the life.

A day in the life me little old me.

And yeah, I know I done told you I ain't all that little.

Anyway-

It's summer. That means the tourist are here, and that means there's always plenty of guys out there looking for a fuck, free or otherwise. The day and night before yesterday I had kept busy too. Remember I was going on vacation so I wanted to make sure I had just a little extra spending money, just in case.

Anyhow, I was tired. I think I woke up around 6:30 or 7:00, but I didn't do anything but lay around in bed until almost 8:00. That's one of those advantages of being your own boss, you know. No time clock to punch. You can set your own hours, fuckin' lay in bed till afternoon if you're so inclined. But yesterday around 8:00 I did decide to get moving.

The first thing I do every morning is roll over and find my cigarettes so I can have a couple before I get out of bed. I saw that I had smoked all I had in the pack I was working on the night before, so I reached into the drawer on the nightstand and got out a fresh pack. I got 'em packed down and opened them up. Then I grabbed my cigarette case and slipped the old wrapper out so I could put the new pack inside. My cigarette case is one of them raw-hide leather ones with a Harley-Davidson eagle burned into it. That's another advantage of living so close to Daytona. There's always plenty of people selling stuff around Bike Week, not to mention the "extra business" it helps bring into the area.

I lit up my first American. Then I reached over and picked up a half-full bottle of Southern Comfort I leave sitting on my nightstand. I like a shot straight from the bottle in the morning because unlike mouthwash you can swallow it right down, and it makes morning breath not seem as bad before brushing my teeth. The sheet kind of clung to my naked tits, but it was nice and cool from the A/C. I still felt a little sticky all over from old sweat and other stuff. I got no problem admitting that I stank to high heaven. After a long night my pits reek and feel steamy.

After I had my second cigarette lit I finally threw the sheets off and turned to hang my feet over the side of the bed. Once the sheets are off the smell gets stronger. You know what a men's room at a truck stop smells like, all pissy and musky? That's the smell that's usually wafting out of my snatch when I first get up after a long night. It's mixed with that fishy old pussy smell a gal gets when well used. Yesterday morning it was mixed with the dank sweat smell of the two big black guys that had taken turns fucking me before I called it a night the night before last.

Yeah, I feel a little bit flushed, all red cheeked and with a huge smile on my face. Country maybe, but I started to get this thing for blacks before I became a hooker. I don't think I'd ever settle down with one but that don't keep me from being a nigger lover. That might piss some of you off, but I get the word in my head. It makes it hotter, makes it seem like something I'm really bad for doing and liking stuff with them. So maybe that makes me country girl white trash that calls people niggers behind their back. So what? Of course there's some black guys I know real well, regulars that think it's hot when you call them nigger when they're fucking you, as long as you say it the right way.

Hell, what does it matter anyway? It ain't like nobody's gonna read this anyway.

There's nothing I love more than a nigger with a big dick that knows how to use it.

There I said it.

Wrote it.

God, my cheeks are burning hot and my nipples are hard. My pussy is juicy too. Maybe I never really never thought about it before.

Hummmm. The only thing hotter would be two niggers with big dicks that know how to use them. Or three. Or five. Or ten. Or…..mmmmmmm.

Okay, Abbey you need to keep from getting too carried away. I just licked the cap of my pen because I just dipped it in my pussy thinking about getting gang banged by a room full of black guys with big dicks. Of course, yesterday…

But I'll get to that later.

I could tell you about my first piece of dark meat, but that'd be getting away from the story again. But God damn, that was so hot. Thanks Harry!

Well, anyhow, after I smoked down my second cigarette I finally got on my feet and out of bed, ready to face the day. I walked my big naked ass to the other side of the bedroom and into the bathroom. Then I got some

cool water going before I grabbed a fresh rag and stepped into the shower. I got to confess that playing with myself in the shower every morning is part of my daily routine. I guess it goes to show you that I really do never get enough. I stand in the water and feel my tits while I slowly rub the edge of a bar of soap over my clit until I cum.

There was this one time, when I brought one of my regulars home with me and he spent the night that he wanted to lay down in the shower so he could watch me play with myself. Then after I came he was begging me to take a piss on him. I had to go anyway, so I squatted down and let it fly. That was a little crazy, because that was my first experience with golden showers or anything. He got so excited that when he came it shot up so hard that it landed on my belly. It was one of them things that I'd never done before but kind of thought it was hot because of the effect it had on him, and I guess that's why it don't bother me to do S&M stuff where I get to kind of boss the guy around. Like after having sex for the first time what they call water sports was something I came to embrace, giving and receiving, and pretty much since that day I always hold my pee in the mornings until after I get myself off, then I let go in the shower. Something about feeling that warm water running down my thighs for that second it's there before the shower water washes it away makes it feel like my orgasm lasts a little bit longer.

But anyway, back to yesterday, once I finally got around to soaping myself up and really washing off in the shower I dried off and went back to the bedroom. I sat down at my dressing table naked. By the way I like to run around naked when I'm at home. A lot of times the only thing I have on is my cowboy hat and nothing else. There's even a few of my girl friends that visit that I don't bother to put on clothes when they drop by because it doesn't bother them I like to run around naked.

Anyway, I sat down and lit me another cigarette. I like to have a last relaxer in the morning after I get done in the shower, I guess cause there's nothing like having a smoke after sex. Then when I'm done I start working on getting my face together and do my nails. I don't really put too much make-up on by the way. I put on some eye-liner, and usually thicken up my lashes with some mascara. I paint my lips to make them look dark and luscious. Sometimes just a spot of rogue on each side to bring out my cheeks. It's not too overwhelming, but it does seem to be just enough to make me have slut and whore written all over me. Plus you got to take into account that even though I'm close to the beach that this is Florida. Cake

your face on too much and you're sweating to death and making it run all over like Tammy Faye Baker before you can even walk down the street. Yesterday I had another cigarette before giving myself a couple of squirts of perfume between my tits and down on my snatch.

All that done I finally got dressed. I put on a peach colored halter that tied in the front with a big floppy tie that looked like a pair of rabbit ears that had been tied in a knot between my tits. Then I put on a pair of cut-off jeans shorts cut up so high that I have a little bit of ass hanging out each side. I picked out a cut off plaid shirt that had long sleeves, a country girl special, and sat it by my purse so I would have something to cover my arms when the evening came and it got cooler. Then I put on some short socks and this thin pair of red tennis shoes I like to wear. They probably ain't the greatest for your feet, but I really don't spend all that much time on them when I work, and anyway to me they're still comfortable. I seen worse. Hell there's even a couple of gals who have been going out in these high ass heels as long as I've known them who ain't learned most of the guys around here don't give a shit about what's on your feet.

Anyway, it's all pretty much standard for what I wear during the summer. I usually have a halter or a bikini top, and some cut-offs. When it's cooler and I wear a t-shirt or half-shirt, and then I usually wear a bra, mostly because guys like to take them off when you're wearing one. No panties. I never wear them unless I'm on the rag. They're just a waste of time, and usually the only reason a guy wants you to wear them is that he's hoping you'll let him have them in the hopes that you've been wearing them all day and have been working hard enough to have that fish and truck stop men's room smell I told you I woke up with on them.

Done getting dressed I gave myself a look in the mirror like I do every day. I often look and wonder how I can pick any guys up looking the way I do and dressed like I am. I would think the body would be a little of a turn-off despite the fact that I don't have any kids, but with the little belly paunch I got and with the stretch marks on my belly it would be hard to tell.

Even if I did have kids I don't guess it would matter. I have learned that guys usually want someone for convenience and to get a thrill, and that looks don't matter as much even though I think about it once a day at least. I know this Mexican gal named Rosalie that lives a few houses down from me. She's all of 22, has six kids and probably weighs over 350 pounds. She has all sorts or guys wanting to fuck her all the time, and she is one of those

that has guys who turn up at all hours wanting a piece. So I guess there's a lot of men that will fuck anything on two legs.

Hell, I don't know. I guess if I was a man and I was paying for some pussy then I would want the woman it was attached to to be super hot, and not look like an Abagail King.

Anyway, I reached the point I was ready to go on out of the trailer. I got my shirt for later on and looked into my purse to make sure I had all the stuff I needed, and put another pack of Americans in it before stuffing it in on top. Then I went to the kitchen and grabbed a Tab from the fridge. I stopped to give myself a last look in the full-length mirror on the wall just inside the front door. I always take that last look before I go to make sure I have everything pretty much in order. I looked alright yesterday, or at least as good as I get, so I reached back into my purse and grabbed my cigarette case. I got out another American and lit it, watching myself as I exhaled that first cloud of smoke in the mirror while I slipped my cigarette case back into my purse and zipped it. I popped the top of the Tab, and then I headed out the door.

Outside I locked the deadbolt and gave the trailer a once over. The outside of the trailer looks a little faded and run down, pretty much the opposite of the way it looks inside. You find out early on that places that look well kept are targets for being broken in to, but if you let the outside look shitty enough the burglars are pretty sure that there's nothing worth taking on the inside so they won't bother with your place.

My trailer is pretty old. It was built back in the 60's so it has all those curves and raised areas, you know so it would look like a rocket or something, the same way they made a lot of the cars in the 50's and 60's. The paint is faded and it feels like a dusty powder when you touch it. The outside is white and all the windows are trimmed in this pale and pukey green color.

A couple of lots down from mine is Rosalie's trailer. Her and one of her ex-boyfriends painted it a gaudy pink a couple of years ago. In fact it looks like someone put pink icing all over a giant long-john. There are a couple of other pink ones and a few sea green ones. Mosel, who's probably the oldest active whore in the whole trailer park, and kind of a combination big sister/resident crazy old coot, says that they all scream Mexican, or Puerto Rican, or Haitian, or Cuban, or Jamaican to her. (Guess I ain't the only one with that prejudice thing in her brain around here.) Nearly all the

trailers in the park are rusted somewhere, to some degree or other. The salt air gets to them, you know.

After locking up I headed down the main street and toward the entrance of the trailer park. There's music coming from all around, some from cars and some from inside trailers. There's the boom-boom of some rap song that'll rattle your teeth, and then somewhere close by someone's blaring *'La Cucaracha'* set to a disco beat. Further down I heard Randy Travis before he was drowned out by a Mariachi tune which was in turn drowned out by Metallica as I walked out of the trailer park and got onto the sidewalk that would take me toward the coastal strip.

I do have my own car. It's a beat-up, red Impala. I don't usually drive it unless I'm going shopping, to get new clothes or buy groceries. I like to go walking out, and I usually don't have to go too far before the work day begins. I can usually get someone to take me most of the rest of the way home. If not I call a taxi or walk back home when I'm ready to call it quits for the day.

I never let anyone I don't know bring me all the way home. Even if most people know that my trailer park is full of working girls it doesn't make sense to advertise exactly where you live. I occasionally have a steady boyfriend, but not too often. There's guys that's usually okay at first when they understand that I don't intend to give up my "career" for a relationship, but after a while they decide they don't like the idea. Then you get those guys that think they'll quit their jobs and sponge off of you, and I put them out the door real quick. If a guy is going to live with me he's going to work. You just can't trust a man if he don't want to make an honest dollar. Daddy always used to say that, and I always put a lot of trust into what he had to say.

So right now I don't have a steady boyfriend. I don't think I'll ever really have one that will last too long, so my prospects of getting married again are pretty much slim and none. Who knows though? Maybe I'll meet that one in a million guy that wants to work and isn't bothered in the least by my job. But it ain't nothin' I really dwell on all too much. Life has been pretty fine for me on my own. And besides, some of my regulars are so good to me it's like having a lot of steady boyfriends at the same time. And I guess in a roundabout way they probably do more to help me pay the bills than a regular live-in boyfriend would.

I passed by Old Joe once I crossed the last intersection before I reached the main drag, just like I do every day. We exchanged hellos like we

do every morning I go out. Old Joe is one of my regulars, and he's one of three that also lives in the trailer park. He's I guess what you'd call a classic bum. He's on some sort of disability, I think something from the Navy, and he supplements that by panhandling and sitting on the sidewalk and playing these old hippy songs on a guitar that has flower and peace sign stickers on the front of it. I know he collects enough money to stay well fed, get a carton of cheap cigarettes, a bottle of Thunderbird and a six pack of Bud every week. (I know because I've run him to the grocery store to do his weekly shopping a few times and he always gets those three things along with whatever food he gets.)

He usually comes by my trailer a couple of times a month to get his jollies off. Old Joe is one of those guys that's kind of funny. Most of the time he just wants to feel my tits, maybe suck on them a little bit, then stick his finger in me and move it around for a little bit while I coo and moan. Most of the time that's all there is, but sometimes he wants to stick his pecker in me and wiggle it around a little bit and he'll shoot his load. Then there's been times that he goes wild and fucks me like a beast, holding up for two or three hours before he cums in my pussy and leaves me a sleepy and sweaty satisfied heap in my bed.

So after I passed Old Joe it was only until the next corner before I was on the main strip and ready to walk along my daily route. It only takes 10 or 15 minutes to get from the trailer park to Sunny Beach proper. Like I said all the boundaries are closer along the coast. I don't never go to the beach, unless I'm taking the day off. A gal attracts way too much attention on the beach to pick anyone up without getting busted before too long. Besides on the beach even the most desperate guy is sure that he's going to score with someone there if he's unfortunate enough to have come alone, so they're not thinking of parting with any money to get any action.

I usually hang out on street corners that are a little bit down and around the corner from the trolley stops. If it feels safe enough and there's an even amount of foot traffic I hang out closer to some of the more run down gift shops or near some of the sleazy little motels where I am on first name basis with most of the desk clerks. On the strip most tourists are dressed like a bunch of cheap sluts, especially in the summer, so if you don't stay in one place too long or attract that much attention then you kind of blend in. The main thing is to know what places are okay to hang out around and which ones ain't. Some shop owners don't want gals like me hanging out around their places, and that's usually where you're going to run

into problems with the law, because the police and sheriff around here worry more about real crime and could care less what a bunch of whores are up to as long as they ain't doing drugs or making a scene on the street.

Me, like I said, I'm just low key enough.

My days are usually pretty much the same from one day to the next. I get together with a pretty fair mix of one-timers and regulars that I deal with. For the most part it's a lot of hourly motels, car back seats, and the occasional quickie in a secluded alley or behind a building. Every once in a while I go home with someone or go up in one of the big hotels on the beach. I been up to the Hampton a few times since it opened. The first guy that took me there had me in and out of his room for a quickie while his wife was out hitting the gift shops. Then there was this other guy I remember the best. He had a real thick pecker and really knew how to use it. He kept me with him in this big suite on the top floor for the whole week he was there on business. I got room service and the whole bit.

By the way, the Atlantic Coastal Arena is another good place to drum up business if you're careful enough to not get caught. Usually the best time is when there's a concert or when they have wrestling matches going on there. I got picked up by these six guys once one night when WCW came to town and put on a show. They were all going to school at Daytona Beach Community College and were pretty jacked up because they got to go back after the show and meet some of the wrestlers. Two of them were renting a house a little way from the Volusia County Mall, so after we talked in the parking lot to hash out some details we all went back there. I got fucked until the sun was coming up the next day by them six hot and horny young college studs.

Well, I guess I'm losing track of myself again.

The first pick up was fast yesterday. I think that I had been with the guy once before, and that's how he spotted me so fast. He slowed down and pulled up beside me as I was walking down the sidewalk across from The Big Pride. He asked if I wanted to ride somewhere with him, and feeling pretty sure we'd done a little business before I told him, "Sure," and hopped into the car with him. So he pulled back onto the main drag and we took off down the road.

I'm not sure if this guy lives around here or not, but he sure has the look of a Florida beach native, and he definitely looked like someone who spent a lot of time in the sun. His tan was dark and he had curly blonde hair that looked a little bleached out. The skin on his face had some deep wrinkles in it, so I'm guessing he was in his late 50's or so. His teeth were crooked and a little brown, a sign that he's probably a smoker like me.

"You mind if I smoke?" I asked him.

"Go ahead," he said. "Light me one too."

I dug my cigarette case out of my purse, then pulled two Americans out and lit them. The first thing I noticed as we went on down the road was that he was one of them quick smokers. He sucked his cigarette down, barley inhaling. I like to take my time. You know? I like to really savor it. After all cigarettes ain't cheap, and I'm pretty sure that they ain't gonna get no cheaper in my lifetime.

The guy conducted himself as if it was all routine, like he picked up hookers all the time. That kind of made it harder for me to tell if he was someone that had fucked me before or not. Not that it really mattered, but when I get someone for a regular I do like to be on a first name basis with them.

We didn't really go all that far from The Big Pride. He drove us to The Coast Side Motel, and I can tell you that's about as close to a whore house as they'll allow in Sunny Beach proper. The only women who go to The Coast Side are hookers, and the only men that go there are bringing a hooker to fuck. He parked a little down from the office so the gal at the desk couldn't see me, then he went in to get us a room.

The joke's kind of on him, because there's been two different desk clerks at The Coast Side who got busted for offering some special room service. It made it in the all the papers around here, and they even talked about it on *WESH 2 News*.

One of those strange things you usually pick up on after you've been a hooker for a while is that men are usually willing to pay a lot more than for the price of the dog, you know. When you think about gas, the occasional "get to know you" meal, and the 10 to 50 dollars it takes for an hour or two at some sleazy motel it starts to add up. Then of course there's the actual price for the service. I guess you can call me liberated, but I do charge by the hour. It's $50.00 from when things get started and up to the first hour, and then 50 more for each hour that you run in to after that. I know it's a little pricy, but remember I got enough money so I can pick and choose, and

your $50.00 gets you pretty much anything you want within the space of an hour within reason. I could do like a lot of other gals and charge this and that for every little thing, but hell, I ain't got the time to worry about adding and figuring all sorts of different stuff up. I still make good enough money pretty much charging a flat rate, plus I love to fuck anyway, so why complicate it with being too fancy about it?

Anyway, when the guy came back he took me up to Room 282 on the second floor. The rooms at The Coast Side all pretty much look the same. They probably haven't been redone since the 50's when the place was built. They got brown curtains with maroon patches on them that match the bedspreads. The windows are all dusty, and I doubt they ever had a maid there that did windows. Basically all there is to the room is a bed, a nightstand and a TV, and of course a little tiny bathroom.

All the rooms stink too, like sour water, smoke, piss, sweat and sex. Of course all in all it's not really all that much of a bad smell to me. It's pretty much the same at any of a few dozen little motels I can probably name between Holly Hill and Easlund. I don't think they can get those smells out no matter how many times they get cleaned, but it's a sure bet they don't ever get cleaned often enough. I usually worry more about catching a disease or bugs from dirty little motel rooms more than I worry about getting something off a man.

Like most motels there's a copy of the Holy Bible on the nightstand. I suppose they put them there for anyone who wants to break down and repent for any broken vows. I got to admit that I've never seen that happen before, but I have seen some buyer's regret that ended in some sobbin' and tears.

Once I was in the room I went right to the bed and sat down. I pretty much can tell when a guy wants to get right to it, and this guy seemed to know the drill well enough that he had to be one of them that did.

"Go ahead and get undressed," he told me once he had the door shut and was putting the chain on it.

Was I right or what?

I untied my halter and pulled it open, letting my tits drop right on out. Then I watched him start taking his clothes off before I undid my shorts and started working them down. Looking at him I guess his pecker was pretty average. It wasn't all that long, and it wasn't too thick, but average size don't necessarily mean bad as long as a guy knows how to work it. Even if he don't, if getting it on really gets him off enough and makes him all excited it'll usually help me get off pretty good too, bad fuck or no.

"Come on and get it," I told him in my dirty country girl accent. I laid back and spread my legs open, running a hand between them as he got onto the bed. Yeah, he was the real get right into it type. The first thing he did was get right on top of me and stick his pecker right inside. Now I do kind of like it when a guy wants to get right in when I'm not really wet. In its own way it's a turn on that gets my juices flowin'. I kind of thrashed around under him and started to make a little bit of noise. That was enough to make him work it a little.

Now, when I'm gettin' it on with a guy and my titties get going it makes me get hot for it. The faster a guy can get my titties goin' the hornier I get. Sounds funny I know, but I like 'em moving and bouncing and jiggling all over. Even when I watch it, if another gal is getting it on, or I see it in a porno, it gets me hot. I don't know. I guess when a gal's tits are going you know she's gettin' fucked hard, and there's nothing hotter than hard fucking.

"Want more?" he asked.

Used to be I wondered why guys would even bother to ask a hooker they're fucking what they want, or if they're getting off. At first I didn't know if they were doing it just to hear themselves talk, or if they could tell when I was really getting into it. I thought, Well hell, if I was paying to fuck a guy I wouldn't bother to talk to him or ask if he was enjoying it. Don't get me wrong; there are quite a few of those silent ones out there. They just want to get to it and do it and blow their wad off and not worry if you liked it or not.

The thing is though I really found out I liked it better when they said something, even if they were only pretending like they wanted to know if you're enjoying it or not. Guys like to feel like they're really doing something when they're fucking a gal. I think it makes them fell all important, and when they think they're doing a good job and being the best thing since sliced bread they get all excited. And of course when they get excited and are really getting off that gets me excited and helps me to really get off, even when they're a pretty bad fuck. It's one of those good kinds of give and take, and when I think of it like that I say you got to give some white lies so you'll be able to take a good poundin'.

"Go ahead," I told him. "It's your dollar."

That was enough to get him to fuck me harder, and that's when it started to get really good. My titties were bouncing real fast, and both of us started huffin' and puffin'. He leaned up and against me in just the right way

so that my clit started to get a nice rub with each thrust and I could feel his balls occasionally bumping against my ass cheeks.

"Yeah," he moaned.

"That's it," I told him. "Fuck me! Give me your dick!"

He stared fucking the shit out of me then after getting those few words of encouragement. He was moaning and groaning as he pumped his pecker in me, and then he started to breathe harder as sweat broke out all over him. I wiggled my ass just a little. I was hoping that he would last just a little bit longer and not blow his wad before I got to cum too.

Then all the sudden he really let loose. He cut a loud grunt and began pounding away at my pussy so hard that I think he surprised himself. His eyes were wide and they were fixed on my face like he was looking for something to concentrate on. He was trying to hold back, but his little and unexpected bit of extra oomph was enough to get me going. My pussy got wetter, and I had a nice little tingle that went from my clit and through my pussy and then up to the pit of my stomach. It was a little one, but I know if he got going a little more that his excitement would help me get a nicer one in there when he was ready to shoot.

"Go on," I panted. "Go on and give me that dick! Fuck me! Give it to me!"

The guy panted and moaned real hard as he picked up his pace just a little bit more. He was all sweaty below, and each bump he gave me seemed like it was leaving his sweat all inside my thighs. My toes were starting to tingle, and that feeling in the pit of my stomach turned into a bunch of butterflies. My clit was really throbbing then, feeling like it had electricity pulsing through it with every heartbeat. I bucked up and started squealing and moaning. Within a few seconds the little shocks from my clit were going up through my body. My nipples were so hard that they hurt and felt like they were being pinched by invisible fingers. It got him even more excited once he could tell I was really getting off, and with a long and loud growling yell he blew his wad up in me.

I got to tell you a little about jism while it's on my mind. For example that first guy yesterday didn't cum too much and it was a little bit runny. If you don't get around too much, meaning you ain't the town slut or a hooker, you probably think it's all the same. Well I have to tell you it ain't. One man's jism ain't the same as another man's jism. There's all kind of different textures to it, and it all don't taste the same either. A lot of it depends on what the guy eats. A guy eats a lot of spicy stuff and he makes

spicy tastin' sperm. A guy eats a lot of sweet stuff and it taste sweet. Hell, I even have a regular who I know drinks nothin' but Mountain Dew and his jizz taste just like orange juice. I ain't kidding. It's true.

Then you get around to the amount. I can tell you if you want to know how much a man is gonna cum you got to look at his balls. The bigger they are they more you're gonna get, and the smaller they are… Well it does get to the point where the most squeamish gal in the world would have no problem swallowing. I've gotten a few drops at the low end, and on the other end I've gotten some floods down my throat I couldn't swallow fast enough to keep it from coming out of my mouth, I'm talking amounts just as big as any that's come out of a stud horse.

I personally think most of it taste good, whether spicy, juicy or even stud horsy. A majority of it does have this kind of tart and sour taste, but it's all basically good in my book. You just got to watch out for when it's real watery and salty if you don't want a surprise, or when they shoot it on the outside and it looks sickly yellow. Cyndi Lynn, another older hooker that lives at the other end of the trailer park from me once made the speculation that whenever a man's cum looks real yellow it's got a lot of piss in it.

I ain't too sure myself. I probably swallowed hundreds of gallons of cum and pee in my time, but I don't know if that's what makes the difference with yellow and runny cum. Hell, it all comes from the same place anyway. Right? So what difference does it make there? I'll take it any way. I've always been a swallower, because Momma taught me that it ain't polite for a girl to spit. The main thing is that cum is different from different guys. It tastes different. It feels different. And sometimes it can even smell different.

So anyhow, I made my first $50.00 of the day. As I said the guy was real businesslike. He gave me the requested amount before we went up to the room. I always get at least the first 50 up front and have it tucked away in my purse. I found out early on there's nothing worse than being stiffed by some guy that's just stiffed you. The way I see it if I didn't offer you a freebie and you take off without paying it's stealing.

Well, anyway, the first guy took off once he got dressed. He told me to just leave the key on the night stand for them whenever I was ready to go. After he left I went to the bathroom and gave my pussy the once over with a warm and soapy rag. Now, you'll probably think I'm gross, and get all worried that I'm gonna get myself and my "innocent" customers all sick, but I don't douche out until the end of the day, unless I have a special

appointment arranged. First of all, do you know how much money I'd spend on douches in a day? Secondly the little bit that stays up there keeps me a little wet and lubed for the next customer who picks me up. In my experience there's a lot of guys that like it, and are even turned on by it. I hear a lot of hot talk and comments on my dirty whore pussy. I think it's part of the thrill for some guys, you know, part of the danger of fucking a hooker.

I ain't opposed to rubbers are anything. I keep some with me, but on my part it ain't a requirement. A guy wants to use one I'll get him one if he don't have one on him. Those request always come up front, so it ain't like some guy's gonna force himself to endure fucking a hooker without a wrapper on because he didn't have one or didn't ask for one. Anyone that's worried about stuff is gonna change their mind and back out if there's no rubbers anywhere around. I think I take pretty good care of myself. I know what to look for on a guy's stuff that would make me say, No way. I get checked out regularly. I even do an HIV test every couple of months to make sure I'm good.

Anyhow, I wasn't in too much of a hurry once I had cleaned up. I turned on the TV and watched a little bit of *Good Morning America* while I had a couple of cigarettes. I kind of wished I had some coffee or something to motivate me to keep on going. I finally decided that I wasn't gonna make too much money if I just sat around at The Coast Side watching TV. So after I put out my last cigarette I went back to the bathroom and gave myself another once over in the mirror. Seeing that I looked okay I went back out, tossing the room key onto the night stand before heading out the door.

The second pick-up yesterday came kind of fast too. It kind of went a little slow too, but I'll get to that. I had just been walking along for five minutes or so after I left The Coast Side, still heading to the north and more into Sunny Beach itself. As I was heading past one of the big gift shops, The Treasure Chest, a guy came walking out. He stopped and looked at me for a second, and I slowed down and glanced back, just to make sure he got a good chance to look me over.

The guy was kind of tall, and he had brown hair that was fading fast. You know, he had it all swept around to the front the way that all balding men do as if it could ever give anyone the impression that they ain't already half bald or working on getting there.

For my part I just kept going on my way for a second. I figured he was probably some guy who just liked the way I looked, or maybe a cop who had a pretty good idea of what I was. But then something gave me the idea that he was someone who just had the idea of what I was and that maybe he wanted some but he was a little nervous. Unable to resist the possibility I decided to turn back around. Just in time I suppose, because he looked like he was thinking about crossing the street back over to the hotel and coast side.

"Hey, there," I said. I put just enough of my country sultriness behind it to see if I could get him to respond. He stopped at the edge of the sidewalk and slowly turned his head to look my way as I walked back up. He looked me over again, like he was trying to figure me out or something. For a second I thought that maybe I had read this guy all wrong. I don't do it all too often, but sometimes I get a guy wrong every now and then.

"D-do you date?" he asked after we both stood there another minute. He was definitely nervous.

The question almost made me laugh, and I kind of fought to keep it in. If I'd let it out it wouldn't have been some little laugh, it'd been a pissing my shorts I'm laughin' so hard laugh. First of all he sounded goofy. I could tell he never propositioned a hooker before. In fact he almost sounded like someone who had never asked a woman for a real date before. He had to be the kind of guy that was called a queer by everyone he knew in school because he was shy. One of the world's oldest virgins.

Do I date?

I guess he probably got that off the movies, the kind that's always set in New York or someplace and people like Sylvester Stallone and Bruce Willis are always playing some kind of pumped up steroid cops.

"I guess you could say that," I told him. I didn't want to embarrass him too much.

From there the discussion was quick: I am, You are, You want, I do, How much, This much.

You know?

It wasn't long before we were at The White Sands, a time-share condo about two blocks from The Treasure Chest. It was the first time I had ever been to The White Sands, but it was nothing spectacular. I've been to dozens of condos like it before, usually with guys that have slipped away from their wives for a weekend, or a stag party, or whatever.

It turns out that this guy was in category one in a way. He told me his name was Artie, the kind of name someone that had been tormented by his classmates by being called a queer would actually have. Some of the rest of my thoughts on him were wrong. He was married and had three kids.

The reasons for his nervousness got pretty apparent. Of course one thing was that he really never had been with a hooker before. The rest was because his wife and kids were all only a few miles away and shopping at the Volusia County Mall. He kept saying over and over that they'd be gone for hours, but it was like he couldn't convince himself that he wasn't gonna get caught.

Well, I had to mother him along just a little bit, though I don't know how I was able to convince him of what he already knew. Looking back I'm pretty sure that the first thing he did when his wife did get back was fall down on his knees and confess everything. I guess if I'd really thought about it I wouldn't have gone through with it. It's not that I have a problem fucking around with married guys, I mean hell if I cut them out then I'd lose well over half my business. It's just you get into some kind of situations that make you feel like a little bit of a home wrecker. Not that things like that aren't laid at my doorstep after the fact when some women find out what their old men are up to I'm sure. It is, and even if I was to hear about it or have some woman track me down and bitch at me for ruining her life I don't think it would bother me too much. It's just that most of the damage in them cases is done long before me or any other hooker comes along and in the husband's picture. I hate to think about kids though. When I get guys that turn into regulars I always tell them not to tell me about their family stuff, cause I'd rather not know. Keep it all professional.

Once I had Artie feeling sure of himself it was off to the bedroom. It was kind of nice, and definitely an upgrade from The Coast Side and its forty something year old cum stained mattress. There was a big, queen sized water bed. I've thought about getting one for myself, but it seems like I never get around to it, and probably a good thing since I smoke in bed. I ain't never burned a hole in a mattress before, but I have come close a couple of times, just being clumsy. Probably if I had a water bed I'd put a hole in it on day one, so why tempt fate?

Artie was undressed about as soon as he had the door closed behind us. Once I saw him peeling off his shirt I figured I'd do what the Romans were doing, so I undid my shorts and pulled the zipper down as I walked over to the bed. Looking back at him as he dropped his boxers to the floor I

knew it wasn't going to take too long, if he could even get it up at all. Yeah, he looked pretty awkward naked. He was lanky skinny, but he was also getting that first bit of a gut that men get when they're either well fed or drink a little too much beer. He had a slim pecker that was standing up, but only half-hard.

I guessed that he had never fucked anyone but the woman that he was married to before. I was almost curious to know why he wanted to do it anyway. It kept crossing my mind, especially with all his talk about her being gone for hours, because I could tell he was scared as shit that she was probably gonna show up at any minute and bust him.

I don't know. I guess it was just one of them things for him.

I got my halter off and slipped off my shoes before I dipped down and dropped my shorts. I was kind of slow stepping out of them, making sure to give him a good look at my big white ass and put on a little bit of a show. Then I turned around and faced him as I stood beside the bed. I guess he really liked what he saw because his pecker stood right up like a hound dog begging for a chicken bone. I gave him one of my best smiles and then moved to get into the bed.

I was riding up and down on a few rolling waves as I crawled to the middle of the water bed. Once I was there I raised my back end up and clenched my ass cheeks to give Artie a good look at my ass, and I'm pretty sure he couldn't miss my pussy lips down below my moons. Looking over my shoulder again I gave him a quick and pouty smile to see if I could get him going. Artie looked from side to side for a minute, like he was almost expecting his wife or someone to suddenly be there. Then he finally started moving toward the bed. I flopped down, letting the water toss me up and down a little as I rolled onto my back and opened my legs up for him.

Artie got onto the bed and crawled his way over to me on the waves. I just laid back and waited as he got up over me and put himself on top of me. His skin felt cold and clammy against mine, another sure sign that he was really nervous. I was just a little bit surprised when he took his pecker and slid it right up my pussy. I almost thought that he was gonna loose his hard-on or chicken out before things got started. He had this kind of disgusted look on his face. I've seen it before, when guys get in and it's looser than they're expecting, and maybe a little wet and slick and they're wondering if it's because another guy was right up in there before them.

Well, that look didn't last too long. A lot of times it never does. Sometimes the excitement of that forbidden thrill kind of takes over. I could

tell that it was in Artie's case. He put his hands on my hips and started pumping that pecker in me pretty hard.

"Mmmm, go ahead," I whispered to him, trying to encourage him on.

"Jeez!" he complained. As soon as he gave his next thrust I could feel an eruption of hot sperm inside my pussy hole. I knew he was frustrated. Who wouldn't be? All that coaxing he did to himself in his own mind and it had ended up lasting all of 10 seconds. I guess if he was a rodeo cowboy on a nasty bull he would have felt a lot better. "I'm sorry," he panted, the fact that he was pissed with himself telling in his voice.

"It's alright," I told him, trying to soothe him as he rolled off me and backed away to the edge of the bed. "Things like this happen."

Boy do I know it. Not just with nervous guys, but sometimes it used to happen with Harry too.

"I'm not mad or anything," I told him. Of course I couldn't be mad. The customer is always right after all. I was actually doing my best not to crack a huge grin because I was getting my own little perverse thrill as I felt a glob of his cum that had oozed out and onto my pussy lips when he had pulled out. It was sliding right on down and into the next valley as if it was cold and wanted to crawl up my asshole to keep warm. Thinking that I quickly turned away and tried to cover the laugh that got out as a cough.

"I just put you through a lot of trouble," he said.

I guess I should make another one of my little side points here. I don't like to leave the customer unhappy. I think that you should feel good after you get off, and not all depressed. There's always some way you can make amends for bad service. Money back refund. A little extra. A future freebie. Some time with another girl I know. Or just some special attention.

I decided as soon as Artie had said his last piece that I had to do something to enhance the service. Things had pretty much went bad from the start. And I guess even then I had that feeling that his life was only about to go downhill from there as soon as our business was over. So, I guess I already felt more than a little bit guilty.

"It's no trouble for me, Artie," I told him. I was the faithful service provider, like a stock boy at the grocery store that takes care of all the needs of one of his good customers that's looking for something they can't find. "This is my job, after all. I get paid to do this."

I won't bore you with everything that I had to say to him to make him see that there was no need to be afraid that I was going to be mad with him. I just said what I needed to to pave the way to what I needed to do to make

him feel secure and a little happy. Then I could go on my merry little way, knowing that at least he had been satisfied with the service when I left.

"I don't want you to feel bad. So I'm gonna make sure that when I leave here you have at least a smile on your face."

"How's that?," he had asked.

Well, they say actions speak louder than words. So instead of saying anything else I just did. I rolled over to face him and got in close. Artie let out a gasp as I grabbed his softening pecker and guided it into my mouth. He let out a second one as I ran my tongue along the underside of his warm and limp meat, and I have to say I did enjoy the taste of my pussy and the drippings of his cum on him. I looked up to him as I went to work, giving him those old porn star/loyal dog looks. The look on his face made it pretty clear to me that his wife never did anything like this on him.

Artie's face drew up tight after a couple of minutes, and it started to turn red as fresh sweat beaded on his forehead. The skin on his face started to look like it was going to rip off if it got any tighter. I took it a little slower from there, not wanting him to have a heart attack or anything. I know I was really doing the trick on him because Artie was starting to get harder and harder in my mouth and I had little drops of his jizz sliding down my tongue and into my throat. I worked on him until he was totally hard and I could feel his pecker swell up a little bit, taking him right to the edge.

"God!" Artie choked as I let his pecker slip out of my mouth and plop against my cheek.

I smiled as I looked up to him, taking his hard and spit slick pecker in my hand and stroking it slowly. Looking back at me his tense expression turned into a smile as well. "Where do you want it?"

"Huh?" he asked.

"Where do you want to put your cum?"

Artie looked around for a second, kind of confused. Then, when I guess he realized what I meant, he looked back down at me. "Your titties?"

"Good choice."

It really was. I like the feel of a guy's gooey jizz between my tits. I especially love it when a guy is fucking them and cums, but then he just keeps on pumping his cock between them, smearing that jism all over and making it all messy.

I gently coaxed him to lay down so that he was laying with his head at the foot of the bed. Then I scooted down on the rolling waves on the bed and lowered myself down. I took my tits and put them on each side of his

pecker, then I took my hands and squeezed them together, sandwiching his pecker between them. That little wiener was nice and burning hot in the valley between my titties. Artie moaned and choked as I started moving my body, working my fat double D's up and down on his pecker.

"Yeah!" he cried after a few minutes. "Damn, I'm gonna go."

"Okay," I told him, using my country-sultry voice and not missing a beat as I wrapped my tits up and down his stiff pecker. "Go ahead."

I looked down and watched as a wad of his jizz worked its way out of the piss slit on the head of his pecker. It slowly oozed onto my tits, and I let out a little moan of my own. I kept on working on him, getting every drop of sperm that I could out of his throbbing boner. Once he was finished and I stopped riding my tits on him he had some of his jizz smeared on his pecker and into the hair on his stomach. As for me I had it all over my tits and all the way up to the hollow of my throat.

I rose up over Artie on my knees. Then I took a hand and put it between my tits, moving it up and down to really smear it all over. There was a look of wide-eyed wonder on his face as I took my hand to my face and slowly began licking his jizz off it. All things considered I'd have to say that Artie's cum tasted pretty good, and I wished there was a little more of it.

"Mmmmm, was that good?" I asked after I licked my lips.

"Y-Yes," Artie stammered. "That was good."

After taking a few minutes in the master bathroom of Artie's time-share to clean the rest of his cum off my tits I was dressed and back on my way down the road. I almost put some of his wife's perfume on to cover the smell of his cum and the sweat off his pecker, but I decided it wasn't a good idea. Artie had a smile on his face as he told me good-bye at the door, but I'm guessing that didn't last for too long after I was gone. I was trying to keep up the good customer service policy, but Artie insisted on the original agreement, and since I had ended up being with him for a little over an hour I left with $100.00 instead of $50.00.

It was well after noon so I walked my way down to the McDonald's to get something to eat. Noon is generally quickie time, and usually people having lunch time quickies already have them worked out with whoever they're fucking, either as a steady or on the sly. It's kind of hard to find any working people who are looking for a blow or something simple during their

lunch time and the tourist are all out with their families either getting something or looking for something to eat. I think it's easier to get involved with lunch at the noon rush hour. Plus I'm usually ready for that first meal of the day after being with two or three guys, if not four, so that's the part of the day that food comes before fucking.

Things were going good so far. In less than a couple of hours I had already made $150.00, which is right on average and not bad for just two tricks. Of course I was kind of starting to get a real itch between my legs. The hit and run sex I had had so far was making me horny and hoping for something hotter. I mean it was after 12 and I wasn't even feeling sore yet. I guessed that if I didn't get any real satisfaction by dusk I'd just call it quits for the day. As I said I really have more than enough money almost all the time. Plus I was planning on starting this vacation I'm on, so I could knock off whenever I wanted. Hell, I could have quit working then, or not even bothered yesterday.

Yeah, if the day was a sexual bust for me before it got too dark I could just head on home. I'd just head to my trailer and get a shower, and then go back out bar hopping. Then I could pick someone up, go somewhere for some raunchy sex and hopefully get what I really wanted. Hell, I'd buy drinks until Mr. Right Now came along. Fuck, I got enough money to go the other way and pay a guy for sex for a change.

Anyway, I ate my lunch kind of slow and really enjoyed it. I had a stuffed Big Mac and a big order of fries, and when I finished them I just sat at the table and relaxed a little bit. I had me a couple of Americans. Then I got up and went to the bathroom.

I have to say that I really hate going to the bathroom in fast food joints. Honestly, I've done a lot of business in these kinds of places. In fact I'd have to say that at least once every couple of weeks I end up doing a job in the bathroom at a bar. I've done it in stalls, and on the floor, through glory holes in the wall, and even holding on to urinals. I'm not too squeamish about stuff. I already said I have no problem with jizz and pee, but there's something about public johns I hate, and the ones at fast food joints are the worst. Maybe it's that neatness freak in me. I don't know. I was in and out for a quick pee. Then I went out and gave myself the once over again in the mirror over the sink as I washed my hands. Sure I still looked good enough I went out and headed back out to walk up the main drag.

It was pretty close to two as I continued my way north on the main drag. I didn't really go too far when things seemed like they were going a little fast again. I was walking along, not really looking at anyone in particular, when I heard someone yell my name from across the street. I looked across the road to where The Seaside Hotel blocked out the sun. Then I saw Moe walking away from the elevator across from the twin building the office was in. He waited for traffic to clear and then dashed across the road to where I was.

Let me tell you a little about Moe. I know that he's into some dirty dealings. For a fact I know he deals in drugs, pot and happy pills for sure cause I know some of the other gals in the trailer park has gotten stuff like that from him personally before. Rumor has it if you want to buy a machine gun or anything that he's the guy to ask, but I really don't know about that. It could be true, but I ain't never had a reason to want to find out.

Anyhow, Moe is one of my most faithful regulars. Sometimes it's just him, sometimes a little group sex, and other times he sets me up with some of his friends, some local and some from out of town. The thing about Moe and his friends is that they're all big tippers, and it's usually more than that price of the service, so almost any score with and for Moe is a big one.

I think he's a couple of years older than me, but he's a head shorter. But I can tell you sometimes the shorter the better, because for every inch in height a guy loses I think he gains an inch of pecker. You want a guy with a horse or donkey dick? Keep your eye out for a really short guy

Yeah, Moe's got a long pecker that's nice and thick. It's over nine inches long, and I ain't lying, a thick and uncut black snake with a deep purple head under the foreskin. Black? Oh, yeah, Moe is as black as they get. His skin so dark and shiny it looks like oil. Oh, yeah, he's one of my niggers with a big dick and knows how to use it, and one of my favorite ones.

Moe loves cigars. I don't think that he's partial to any kind, just whatever's handy seems to do. He's always got one on him, and he's always got a derby hat on his bald head, a lot of times even when he's doing some hard fucking. And I have to say that my chocolate man with a slight pot belly and hat on is kind of cute, but that goes to downright sexy when you add on that nine plus inch pecker.

“How’s business?” he asked as he got to me. He reached up and rubbed this closely trimmed beard as we stood facing each other on the sidewalk.

“Pretty good, I guess,” I told him with a smile.

He cracked a smile back, showing me his pearly white and toothy grin. “Same here,” he told me.

“So what’s up, Moe?” I asked, pretty sure that he had some kind of business with me on his mind.

“Well, I got kind of a party going on later, if you know what I mean.”

Now, that surely sounded like some business to me. “Well, I think you could count me in on that.”

Moe shook his head and laughed. “Yeah, I knew you was gonna say that.” He glanced back at The Seaside. “Little later on.” He reached into his shirt pocket. He always wears these kind of old man shirts with a big collar and huge pockets on each side, and got out a little notebook and a pen. He wrote something down on one of the pages, then he ripped it out and folded it in half. Then he reached into his pants pocket and got something else out that he slipped into the folded paper before handing it over to me. “Round seven. If you ain’t there right then it’s no big deal. Things’ll be goin’ on for a while.”

I gave him what he calls my sexiest fake wink. “You know you can count on me.”

“See you later on then,” he told me before looking to see that the coast was clear and dashing back across the road.

I walked on for another couple of blocks before I opened up the paper to see what was written inside. What he had taken out of his pants pocket and put inside the paper were three Benjamin Franklins. I had a huge grin on my face as I stepped into the entrance of a gift shop and slipped them into my purse. I knew that the $300.00 was just a down payment, and that this little party would probably involve me getting fucked by more than one guy, and since I’d never met many friends of Moe’s lighter than a grocery sack I was pretty sure most of them would be black. Now I knew I wouldn’t be calling it an early night after all, and my pussy was already getting frothy with fresh cream as I turned the possibilities over in my head.

Yeah, I knew it was going to be another chance to secure my nigger lover status, and I had no problem with it.

I opened up the paper and looked at what he had written inside. Real big it said PH-2B. Knowing the Seaside pretty well I knew he meant

Penthouse #2 in the second building, which was the one he came out of. I stepped away from the gift shop and started walking again, crumpling up the paper and dropping it into the next public trash can I walked past. Like I said I never really get into too much trouble, but it can't hurt to be too careful, especially when dealing with someone that has Moe's reputation as being a big time player in Coast County. And even if he isn't you never want to do anything that will bring down a good customer, just in case.

So the next thing I did was turn and go around the block and off the main drag. I turned again at the end of the block and walked back south to back track a little bit. I went back a few blocks and then walked back to the main drag where I crossed the street to the hotel side. I went to a trolley stop in front of the Coastal Arms. There's a lamp post there, so I went over to it and leaned up against it. I stood on one leg, bending the other and putting my foot against the post in one of those classic hooker poses that I'm sure that Artie would have appreciated. I just stood there waiting for my next pick-up, or the trolley. Whichever came first.

Maybe I really should break away and take a minute or two to explain my thing for black guys. Like I said before I think of myself as still being this country girl at heart. And being from where I'm from maybe it's a little hard to explain or understand. I've always tried real hard to give everybody a fair shake, and I know it's the 20th Century and all, but it's hard for me to get away from using the word nigger. And like I said, the way I was raised, even now, the term nigger lover just pops into my head. I really like it in a lot of ways. It's funny I guess. It makes me all hot and super horny, but sometimes I can feel myself blushing with a little shame at the same time.

What made me break that old Southern taboo?

I suppose it's a little hard to explain too, but what the hell. Who's ever going to read about the day in the life of little old me anyhow?

Okay, this is how I really got started on the path. No holds barred. I know, it sounds like something Gordon Solie would say. Anyway, here goes.

It all started when I was married. I told you that Harry wasn't always the greatest at sex, but he made up for it by being kind of a kinky bastard. I didn't have a problem with that. I was game for about anything and everything. At least until he felt the need to sneak around and get some side pussy without telling me anything about it.

Oh, me and Harry tried all sorts of stuff. All kinds of vibrators and dildoes. Watching porno movies. Every hole and every position you can think of. Threesomes with other gals, which was pretty yum whether he was up to it or not. Role playing and handcuffs, the kind of stuff that helped me know a little about S&M stuff when I first got started. We even made some movies of us fuckin' around.

Well, after a while we was starting to run out of stuff to try. At least run out of stuff that we both knew what it was. I found other stuff later on once I got on my own and went into "business". Done a lot of stuff that'd blow Harry's mind. Found new kinds of toys. New positions. Made more home movies, with different guys, and gals, and, when coaxed into it, a few other things when the money was right and what inhibitions I had were out the window.

Anyway, Harry got the idea of doing a threesome the other way around. Instead of us and another gal what about us and another guy? Well, I was all for it. Like I said I lost my virginity in a threesome and had done it with other people a couple of more times before me and Harry got married, but I had never had one where I had two guys on me before. It wasn't that I hadn't wanted to try. I had thought about it quite a lot, but the one time that the opportunity presented itself I chickened out. I don't know why. I guess I had this idea that if everyone found out I did it with two guys at the same time that they'd all think I was a whore or something.

Ha, ha. Yeah, I know now that's a laugh now, ain't it?

Well, like I said it didn't take all that much talkin' for Harry to sell me on the idea. I had scenes from every nasty movie I had ever seen where a gal was getting fucked by two guys at the same time going through my head. I knew they could take turns, or use my pussy, ass and mouth in all sorts of different combinations, or have one pounding me in the pussy while the other one rubbed his pecker between my tits. I was hot and wet from the word go because it seemed like we'd went from running out of kinky stuff to try to endless possibilities.

Harry went right to looking, but it took almost a month before he found someone that he worked with that was keen on the idea. I figured it wasn't gonna happen. I was already starting to spread out at that time, and I know some of the gals he hooked up with to do threesomes with felt kind of gypped when they got around to meeting me. Not a great thing for the old self-esteem because Harry wasn't much of a prize himself, and other women thought he was hotter than me?

Anyway, Harry came home one day and told me the good news. At that time he was doing carpentry work for a construction company that built most of the houses in Hodder County, so I already knew there was two kinds of guys that he worked with, and they were either these strapping and well built studs who got all muscled up and buff from doing hard work, or they were duds like Harry that did just enough of the hard stuff to get by and only worked on making strong muscles in their legs to help them carry the beer guts they were working on around. So right off I knew there was a 50/50 chance that Harry would be bringing home someone probably a lot like him. Still I was excited. I never discounted someone on looks and still don't. Hell if I did I wouldn't have done as much business as I have over the years, especially the first few.

So Harry tells me this guy's name is Saul, and that he was real interested in playing around with me, and that he showed him my picture and he said I was hot.

Yeah, I couldn't believe that one. But he did see what I looked like and didn't back out, so at least he didn't think I looked all that bad.

From that I felt kind of sure I was getting the Harry-type instead of a hot bodied stud.

It was a Monday that he told me, and they already made plans that Saul would come home with Harry on Friday, so I had a week to prepare. Of course Harry was full of all sorts of ideas. He wanted me to shave my pussy before they got home, which I was already in to, but he really wanted to make sure that I did it with Saul coming. Then he wanted me to make sure that I got some film for the camera and a new video tape when I went shopping. The idea of having my first threesome with two guys pictured and taped got me even more excited for it, and I almost couldn't wait for 6:00 on Friday to roll around. Harry was pretty excited about it too, and every day when he got home from work that week he was ready to get it on. Of course I was so horny I was more than happy to oblige. The anticipation was killing both of us.

Well, Friday rolled around. I put off taking a shower until right about when I knew that Harry would be getting home. I shaved my pussy before I got out to make it as fresh of a shave as possible. Then I put on this leopard spot print bra and panty set that Harry had got me a couple years before, which at the time was the only "sexy slut" clothes I really had. I could hear voices through the wall as I adjusted my titties in the bra. I had already decided that I wasn't going to put on anything else. So once I had the girls

looking straight I went out of the bedroom and walked on down the little hall to the living room where I knew they would be.

I'm pretty sure you can imagine my surprise when I walked into the living room and Harry was sitting beside this broad shouldered and muscled up black man with deep, dark eyes, a slight 'fro that was sticking up on top and a short beard on his face. Now Harry wasn't a card carrying member of the Klan or anything, but he never showed too much love for anyone who wasn't a white good old boy like he was. In fact Harry always called them niggers, even when it was someone he said he liked. So seeing that Saul was blacker than police station coffee was a definite shock for me.

I stood at the edge of the living room for what seemed like forever. None of the three of us seemed to know what to say. I looked at Harry and he had this kind of glazed over look in his eyes. Then I looked at Saul, really taking him in. He had taken off his work shirt before he came into the house and was sitting there in a white tank top undershirt that looked damp with sweat around the top. The lack of him having any sleeves helped to show off the muscles in his arms and broad shoulders. For a black guy, and at that time I never paid much attention to black guys, he had a cute face. The beard made him look rugged, you know, manly, but not like he was dirty or a slob. He had pretty defined cheek bones and a pair of full and luscious lips. He was wearing a pair of loose looking dark blue jeans and a pair of dusty work boots not too much different from the ones that Harry wore back then.

"Come on in, babe," Harry finally said. "This is Saul." Yeah, simple for breaking the ice, but he was never a conversational genius. "Saul, this is Abbey."

"Hey," I said, a little nervous. I was still pretty much rooted to the spot, almost afraid to move. I just couldn't believe it. The first guy that Harry wanted us to do a threesome with was about as black as they come.

"Mmmmm, hey there, hot thing," Saul said. When he spoke it sounded smooth and even. He didn't have a super deep voice, but it was deep enough to give me a little flutter in the pit of my stomach. That voice sure didn't sound like it should be coming out of someone that worked construction. And he called me hot thing, and I don't know, there was something about that that did the trick on some level 'cause my nipples were getting hard as I stood there, even old Lefty.

"Come on, babe," Harry coaxed again.

Without a word I slowly started to walk the rest of the way to the couch. My feet and legs felt like lead, but I kind of felt like my nipples were pointing out the way to go, even if it was in slightly different directions. I felt like the world was all in slow motion. It was like it took me forever to get to them. I stopped a couple of feet from where they sat on the couch, pretty much standing so I was even between them where they sat.

"I ain't gonna bite you or anything, hot thing," Saul said after I stood there a minute or two.

I kind of nodded my head and said, "Okay."

"Ain't she hot?" Harry asked.

Saul just smiled and ran a hand up and down the front of his jeans. "Yeah, she sure is fine, Harry." He looked up at me and locked his deep brown eyes on mine.

I gave him a nervous smile and my cheeks felt like they was on fire. Right then I wasn't too sure if I was about to throw up or piss myself.

"Harry says you ain't never been with a black man before."

"Well, no," I replied, a little slowly.

That awkward silence seemed to come again for another minute or so. My heartbeat felt like it was going crazy, and it was beating so hard that whenever it did it made my nipples beat too, almost like my blood was trying to pump itself out of them.

Then all the sudden Harry said, "Why don't you show her what you got, Saul?"

Saul grinned, showing off a little bit of white teeth. He shifted just slightly beside Harry on the couch. "You ain't never seen no black dick in the flesh before?"

I shook my head "NO", quickly and nervously, you know, the way them scared girls always do in Jason and Freddy movies.

"You wanna see my black dick, hot thing?" he asked, his voice was still smooth and dreamy even as he said it.

"Shh-Sure," I heard myself saying.

Yeah, my eyes were wide and glued as Saul took both his hands up and undid his jeans. It was about like everything was in slow motion again as he started to pull his zipper down. Then once he was done he pulled his pants open and then reached inside with a big hand and fished around. All the sudden he pulled out this big black snake and gave it a shake to make it undulate. I was ready to pass right out. I could swear that that thing was at least ten inches long and it was limp and he didn't even have the whole thing

out of his pants. It was nice and thick, and it looked like he could just get his hand around it, and there was an overhang of black skin covering the head.

My heart was beating harder, and my eyes was getting wider, as he grabbed it up near the head and started to stoke on it. As he jacked it he pulled the foreskin back to reveal there was a dark pink head underneath already shining with the sticky goo of a little precum. He let out a slight sigh as he looked at me, then a crooked grin came across his mouth. "You like that, girl?"

Finally I blinked and said, "Wow," not knowing what else to say. In hindsight I can tell you that Saul's pecker was probably a little bit bigger than 9 inches, but seeing it that first time I could have swore it was longer than a garden hose and bigger around than a beer can. I had kind of went from wondering about different positions and hole combinations to wondering if I could get all it in my pussy. At the time it was the biggest fuckin' pecker I had ever seen that wasn't on a horse or a donkey.

"Now you seen mine, hot thing," Saul said, his voice still calm and even and smooth as he slowly stroked that big black pecker. "How about you show me yours? Show me that pussy."

Beside him on the couch Harry nodded. I'm sure that just like me he was seeing Saul's big old pecker for the first time. I knew he'd probably told Harry all about it, but that he just hadn't really believed him. "Go ahead," he sounded out of it and fascinated. "Show him, Abbey."

Well, fair was fair. I grabbed the top of my sexy slut panties and started to tug them down; dipping as I got them turned wrong side out to slip down my thighs. As they came away from my pussy I knew I was wet, and when I glanced at the crotch as they got to my knees I could see I had a huge wet stain on them already. I dipped all the way down and then stepped out of them, pulling one foot out and then using it to hold them down against the carpet as I got the other one off. Then I stood back up straight, and suddenly I was ready. I turned slightly and kind of thrust my waist out forward.

"Mmmm, that's a good pussy, Abbey," Saul crooned. "Why don't you come over here so I can touch it?"

Harry didn't say anything but he was nodding from where he sat beside Saul on the couch.

I walked on over, fairly quickly taking those last few steps between us. Saul switched his big black pecker from his right hand to the left one, not missing a beat of his stroking. He didn't look like he had got any harder, but there was something in how confident he was that let me know that getting it

up and hard was never any problem for him. He reached out with his hand, palm up, and put it between my legs. At first he just pressed it against me, just kind of cupping my pussy in his hand and he worked it back and forth. Then he wiggled his fingers around so that he could slowly work one inside. I relaxed my legs bending them a little bit so I would open up for him more. Saul put his finger in even deeper and I moaned some as that hard heart beat pulsed up in my nipples again.

"Yeah, Harry," Saul breathed as he got his finger going in a nice rhythm up my pussy hole. "She's all nice and wet."

"Yeah," I heard Harry agree.

That butterfly flutter was getting going in my stomach. Getting fingered usually never really got me off if I hadn't already done something before that, or if my clit wasn't getting played with too. With Saul though, knowing that I had this nigger with a huge pecker tickling my insides while he was sitting on my couch, it was enough to really get me going and make me want more. More fingers, a tongue, pecker, whatever. My pussy wanted to get used in the worst way once I got over that initial shock and nervousness. I felt my whole body jerk as a shock went out from my clit and shot straight up my spine.

You're gonna be a nigger lover after this, Abbey, I thought to myself. Momma and Daddy is gonna disown you if they ever find out.

I had that though in my head for a second or two. I was already too far gone. There was no way I was gonna stop until I had that big black pecker for a try to find out what it felt like, and to see how good it was. Growing up I'd heard stories that black guys had peckers with big heads like a horse's flare on them, or that they were twisted like cork screws at the end, and that they were all so big they swung between their knees. Well I'd seen black guys in pornos over the years that had showed me that all that stuff was lies. But now that I had one in my living room fingering me while he jacked his pecker I thought the last one might be part true, because Saul's looked like it might just swing between his knees if he stood up.

Harry finally seemed to come to life as I clamped my pussy down around Saul's finger and let out a moan as I had a little orgasm off his fingering. Without a word he slowly got up off the couch and walked around behind me. I sort of decided I wasn't going to pay my old man any attention right then, but then his arms went around me and I felt his hands between my tits. With a squeeze and a twist he unhooked the clasp on my bra and then pulled the cups apart. Saul's finger found that sweet spot deep

inside me and he went to work on it, making me come a little more as Harry worked my bra straps off my shoulders and kissed me on the side and back of the neck as he worked it the rest of the way off.

"Damn, you got some big titties, girl," Saul said as Harry cupped them in his hands, pressing my hard nipples into his palms. I felt the front of his jeans against my ass and he started to grind against me while he kissed me along my left shoulder. Saul took his finger out of me, then ran his palm up my belly to make the butterflies flutter more as I felt the wet little trail left by his finger. Harry took a hand off one of my tits, then he hunkered down a little and felt up under my ass until he found my pussy lips. I could feel my eyes rolling back in my head as I let out a moan as he put a couple of fingers up me.

I opened my eyes and squatted down a little, pushing my ass back against Harry to make his fingers go in a little deeper. Then I moved my hips from side to side to help him work me. He took my left nipple between his thumb and finger and began to roll it and pinch it. I looked to Saul who still sat on the couch with a big grin on his face as he stroked his pecker to make the foreskin cover and uncover the big pink head. "Yeah," I whispered to Harry as I bore down on his fingers a little harder.

"She looks like she's all ready for it," Saul commented, he sounded casual again, as if it was the most natural thing to say.

"Oh, yeah," Harry agreed as he worked to jam his two fingers into me a little deeper. In truth I wasn't getting too much from that, Harry fingering me, but the whole situation was still exciting.

"Mmmm, yeah, I'm ready, big boy," I said, just to let them both know I was ready and getting more comfortable about the situation.

Saul reached up and out with his free hand. He put his fingers on my lips. I looked dead at him and opened my mouth right up. Saul put the finger that he'd used in my pussy in my mouth and I started to give it a slow sucking. It tasted good, like stuff I tasted before but somehow different. Under my pussy juice was something really strong, the kind of taste that feels like it just slapped you in the back of your head and crossed your eyes.

"Damn, girl," Saul commented. "I bet you sure know how to suck a dick."

"She damn sure does," Harry agreed as he worked to pump his fingers in me.

Saul took his finger out of my mouth and let go of his pecker. Then he leaned back on the couch and worked to get his tank top off. As soon as he

did I had a real good look at his chest. He was all muscled up, even more than I thought, almost like Hulk Hogan or Ron Simmons. There was a heart tattooed over his left breast, and it said something on it, but I never made out exactly what it was because it's kind of hard to see tattoos on black people when they're real dark, plus he had to have got all muscled up sometime after he got it because there was a big vein the ran under it and made the word look even more stretched. I kind of realized that this was probably the first time that I have ever seen a black guy with his shirt off in person. Back then in Bancroft, and most of the rest of Hodder County, blacks weren't all that common a sight.

"You wanna suck this big black dick, girl?" Saul asked as he took it back in his hand and started jacking it again.

"Mmmmm, yeah," I sighed. My knees suddenly felt weak.

"Yeah, suck him off, babe," Harry whispered in my ear before quickly giving it a little nibble. That nibble was just enough to make my blood go a little bit faster and them butterflies go totally wild.

I took the last step I needed to really get in front of Saul and making Harry have to take his fingers out of me. Saul shifted up and down on the couch, working to get his jeans shucked down to just past his knees. When he had them there he sat back and got comfortable on the couch, that crooked grin on his face and that big pecker back in his hand. I bent forward and leaned down, taking a good look at his goodies as I started to bend my legs. Saul's pecker was starting to get nice and hard then, but it still looked like it was 11 or 12 inches in my eyes. And talk about some good cum makin' balls, yeah, Saul had some, a nice pair that looked like a pair of tennis balls. The skin that covered them looked like any other sack that covered balls I had seen until then, only black, and they were covered with springy looking hairs.

I let my eyes close to slits, taking in a last breath and getting myself ready. When I opened them Saul was reaching up with his free hand to touch the side of my head. He pressed the palm lightly against it and let his fingers go through my hair. With his other hand he moved his pecker around, putting it closer to my face.

I thought, Well, Abbey, it's now or never. I opened my mouth up, all ready to take that black pecker inside. The smell of Saul wafted up to me as I leaned in that last bit. The heavy smell of his sweat and his horny pecker smell was almost enough to knock me over. I had jelly in my knees again

for a second. My bare pussy felt like it was freezing, and I knew I was juicing out quite a bit.

I kiss-lipped the head of Saul's pecker as he pulled the skin back off it again, getting his sticky precum on them. I sucked it down like it was a little wad of snot, feeling my heartbeat pick up because I was just excited to do it. Saul's precum didn't have a taste, but the hot and musky smell coming off him gave me a preview of how he was going to taste once I sucked that big black thing down.

Saul let out a loud sigh, running his fingers a little bit deeper in my hair as I opened my throat and worked to get the first few inches of that pecker into my mouth and down the back of it. I took him on down, fighting the urge to gag once that head rubbed against that little thing that hangs down in the back of your throat. My fuckin' heart felt like it was on fire as it beat a hard pulse back up in my nipples again. They wasn't the only place getting a thump from my heart, my clit was boppin' right along too, and it felt like it was starting to swell up and get bigger.

"Yeah," Saul groaned. "Go on and suck on that black dick, Abbey. Show me how you can work it."

Fuckin' A, yeah! I reached around between us and grabbed that hot monster to steady it. Then I started bobbin' on it, sucking down every inch that I could. I tried to be a sword swallower, you know, doin' like them gals in them *Deep Throat* pornos. Of course later on I learned the trick to sucking down a long pecker without gagging, but even if I knew the trick then it probably wouldn't have worked because I was excited by the smells and tastes coming off of Saul's manhood, not to mention the fact that I had a big black pecker in my mouth for the first time.

Well I was hummin' along, as they say, getting into a good rhythm and making Saul breathe heavy and groan a little. I had almost forgot all about Harry until I felt a familiar hot lump rubbing my pussy lips and the edge of his hand against an ass cheek. Yeah, I knew the feel of my old man getting ready to slip his pecker up me from behind. While I was busy trying to swallow down Saul's meat Harry had been busy getting naked. As I leaned in to take Saul's pecker as deep as I could again I squatted in front of him a little bit more, and just like magic Harry's pecker slid right home, and it went all the way and didn't stop until his balls were mashed right to my pussy lips.

I opened wide and let a hard breath and a moan out around Saul's big pecker. Harry clamped his hands down on each side of my waist and he

started to give my pussy a slow working. I ran my tongue along the underside of Saul's meat as I sucked him back down, and I had to gag again just a little bit as the head tickled the hangy in the back of my throat. I tugged on his pecker a little as I got the idea in my head to try and suck on him just as slow as Harry was moving in and out of my pussy.

"Mmmmm, God damn," Saul moaned, his voice had a rough edge to it like he was having trouble sounding all smooth and cool for a second. His slipped his hand down, taking his fingers out of my hair and running them lightly along my cheek. I opened my eyes wide and looked up to him, doing my best to smile around his big dark bone like them gals in the pornos always do.

"You're so fuckin' wet, babe," Harry whispered, bending near my ear as he pumped himself in me.

"Don't slow down, baby," Saul said. He was looking me dead in the eyes as his long fingers stroked my chin. "Suck that dick. You gonna swallow that black cum on down, hot thing?"

Well all the butterflies in my stomach felt like they exploded right then. My legs about went out from under me as I came a little more, the inside of my pussy grabbing Harry's pecker and clamping down. He groaned loudly. I knew he was getting a good wetting from the inside of my pussy, but I hoped that it wouldn't make him pop off. Ain't it funny how many clear thoughts you can have when you're getting your pussy poked, sucking a fat black pecker and coming at the same time?

My silent prayers was answered, because Harry kept on trucking along, pumping my pussy harder and faster, and I kept sucking on Saul, not missing a beat. I closed my eyes and concentrated on squeezing Harry's pecker again while it was inside me, taking the risk that he was going to blow his wad. It was running around in my head, as that orgasm started to die and another one started to build, what Saul had just said.

You gonna swallow that black cum on down, hot thing?

Damn straight I was. I almost couldn't wait. I wanted to know what it tasted like, what kind of new taste he was going to put in my mouth and down my throat. I juiced again and squeezed Harry's pecker inside me as I imagined what it was going to taste like when I swallowed down my first load of hot nigger sperm. The idea excited me, but I was also excited because I knew from the size of his balls that he wasn't gonna be what they call a one hit wonder. Oh, no. I was pretty sure that after a little break not

only would Saul have that long pecker hard again, but he was also going to be willing and ready to drive it up my pussy hole.

Harry was panting behind me and he squeezed at my waist with his thumb and index finger as he pumped me harder. As I took Saul as deep as I could once again I felt my old man's hairy balls, (Yeah, Harry's hairy balls), beating against my pussy lips. I moaned around that stiff piece of dark meat as Saul let out a groan of his own. He shifted a little on the couch. Then he ran his fingertips along my chin before feeling his way back up my face and running his fingers back into my hair. I looked at him wide eyed once again as I sucked him back down.

"Yeah, Harry," Saul suddenly said. "Get that pussy, boy!"

"Yeah," Harry breathed. He gave it to me just a little bit harder, and a little bit faster.

I thought I was gonna lose it as my old man picked up the pace. My eyes either rolled back or got all crossed up as I tried to suck on Saul just a little bit harder, wishing I could suck that pecker on down without choking on it.

"Yeah, that's it, baby," Saul told me, his fingers slightly pulling at my hair. Then he turned his attention back to Harry. "Yeah, man. Fuck her. Fuckin' bang that pussy out!"

I don't think I can really come up with something to say that would really tell you how exciting it is when you have some guy that's directing your own hubby on how to fuck you for the first time while you got his strange bone in your mouth. The butterflies regrouped for about half a second and seemed to explode again. I let out a loud moan around Saul's pecker, trying to keep from either choking on it or biting him. He took it as a signal to push my face down on him as he rose off the couch slightly, the head on his long old black snake going at least an inch or so past the hangy thing in my throat.

Harry kept on pumpin' along, picking up the pace as my pussy went all juicy and frothy. I got that little feeling of coldness on the inside of my thighs that was enough to let me know I had come so much that I had it leaking out of me. I ain't that much of what they call a gusher. I'm more like a pipe with a big crack in it, so when I really get off a lot I get more and more wet. So I guess you'd probably just call me a leaker.

"Yeah, man, fuck that pussy," Saul said in that deep and smooth voice. "Bang that pussy out! Fuck her good, man."

I took a good grip on his pecker as I pulled my head up, not stopping and going back down until his dickhead was almost to my teeth. Harry was really slamming into me now. Both of us were sweating, and it was making the skin where I had freshly shaved my pussy start to burn like someone splashed it with alcohol. Saul had to have busted out into a sweat too because his smell was getting stronger, and there was a part of me that wanted to just stop and lick all the sweat off of him. Of course now it's something I do with a lot of guys that really get to me, but back then it was the first time a though like that had ever even got in my head.

"Fuck that pussy hard!" Saul's direction came out like a growl that time.

"Mmmmm….yeah, man!" Harry groaned back as he mashed his balls hard against my pussy lips before drawing back to pound it into me again.

I moaned and gagged on Saul's cock.

"Yeah!" Saul called as he helped push me back down on his pecker. "You better get her wet, man!"

"Yeah, I'm gettin' her wet," Harry panted.

I groaned again, feeling Harry's pecker hit as far bottom as it could as Saul made me hold his deep in my throat.

"You better open her up real good and get her wet for this big black dick!" Saul told him.

Well, that was enough for me. I forced my head back and made Saul let me go. I took a deep breath as soon as his wet pecker popped past my lips. Then I jerked and arched back against Harry as I came again. It was a big and good one too; my pussy grabbing and holding his pecker like it was milking it, even though he wasn't shooting off up it yet. I raised up and let go of Saul's pecker, then put my hand up between my sweaty thighs to give my throbbing clit a tickle to keep the come going before it could start to die down. I was moanin' and a groanin' and I shook a little as I ground against Harry lightly enough to keep him from poppin' out.

"Oh, God damn!" Harry suddenly huffed. I knew that tone of voice. He was just about ready to pop off.

"Yeah, you about to cum, man?" Saul asked.

"Fuckin' about to," Harry panted, slowing down just a little bit.

I looked to Saul to see that he had his monster pecker in hand again and was slowly stroking it. He had his foreskin jacked all the way back, and it looked like the fat pink head had gotten even bigger. He let go of it. Then he shifted and rose off the couch to stand. "Make her drink it on down."

With a gasp Harry pulled back away from me and out. I let out a little sound of frustration as I felt the head on his pecker bump my hand as it came out. He gave me a quick kiss-bite on the side of the neck before resting his chin on my shoulder so he could talk in my ear. "Go on down, babe."

Before I could start to sink down on my knees on my own Saul put his hands on my shoulders. I looked to each of those big black hands on my naked white shoulders and immediately felt the butterflies starting to get back together to swarm in my stomach. Saul pressed down and I didn't put up any kind of struggle. I just slowly sank down and let the pressure he was putting on my shoulders set the pace. My eyes were on his well muscled black body all the way down until I reached my knees. I took in every bulge and ripple as I looked down his body. As soon as I got eye level with the big black hose of his my mouth was already watering to taste it again.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Harry step up, pecker in his hand. Saul reached up and put a hand on my cheek, and I closed my eyes as he gently caressed it. My pussy was throbbing, feeling like it wished it had a hard bone to clamp down around again. My nipples were as hard as rocks and both at full attention.

"Suck his dick, baby," Saul said, his voice all calm and smooth again. "Suck his dick until he shoots that cum in your mouth and drink it all up."

Well, there wasn't any way I was gonna refuse, I was too horny and already having too much fun. I twisted slightly and wrapped my fingers around Harry's hard and sticky pecker. He closed his eyes and let out a moan as I gave it a few strokes. Then I took a quick look back around and up at Saul. I gave him a big smile, then I turned back around and moved my head down and took Harry in my mouth.

Mmmm, let me tell you there's nothin' like tasting your own pussy off a pecker that's already been up in you and is all nasty with your own juice. Then it was the real thing too, not like the little bit of me I got off Artie yesterday. It ain't that tasting another gal's pussy juice off a pecker ain't hot, but tasting my own really gets me hot. That might make me a little backwards by most people's standards, but I'm a little backward about a lot of stuff according to most people.

Anyway, I hollowed my cheeks out real good and gave Harry a hard suckin'. Just because he was my old man I never skimped. Like you already know I love fucking and always do it whole hearted. I was looking up at him while I did it, breathing hard and slurping and working fast, trying to put them porno gals all to shame.

“Yeah!” Saul called close to me. I could swear I felt his pecker bumping my shoulder as he stood over me. “Yeah, suck that dick, baby. Make him get off all in your mouth.”

I don’t know if it was me working him in my mouth or if it was Saul’s words but I could feel Harry’s pecker swelling against my tongue. He hissed out a breath and I could feel him tense up against me. “Yeah, I’m gonna cum, Abbey. I’m gonna cum.”

I jerked slightly, feeling my titties bounce as one of Saul’s hands lightly smacked my cheek. “Let it out, baby.”

I let Harry’s spit sloppy pecker slide out of my mouth, but not before I had a good hold of the shaft above his balls. I kept looking up at him as I opened my mouth a little wider and stuck out my tongue. I kind of wrapped it around a little just under the head and I made an “Ah” sound as I touched his piss slit on top of my tongue.

Harry let out a loud growl as he finally blew his wad. I had a huge splash of thick sperm that was spreading across my tongue until some of it was dripping off one side and some was sliding back to go down my throat. I jerked him harder to squeeze out a second glob out on top of the first. It was a little bit of a struggle to keep up the show that I was putting on for Saul and to keep from choking and gagging as a result of putting on that show. Harry’s cum was always a little thick and greasy on top of being a little salty. I think it was because he loved having his bacon every morning.

“Mmmm, I see it, I see it,” Saul said back in his deep and smooth voice. “Go on, swallow it on down. Drink that shit all up.”

Of course I was more than happy to oblige. After all I knew it was only the first course, and it was the first time I had ever been in a position to have different courses of cum from different guys at the same time. I pulled my tongue into my mouth and swallowed hard to make my old man’s sperm go right down my gullet, slickin’ up the gizzard. It was fuckin’ yummy, the perfect appetizer. I didn’t lose any pace on jacking Harry’s pecker either. He let out another rough breath as he shot a glob that went across my cheek, starting at the top of my lips and going almost to my ear. That was followed by another one that almost put a glob of sperm in my eye.

“Ah, yeah!” Saul crooned.

“God, damn it,” Harry panted, gasping for breath.

I raised my head up a little, still stroking Harry’s shrinking pecker. It leaked cum along my chin, and then in the place the head rested on my neck as I held it close to me.

“Yeah, you like that shit?” Saul asked his voice turning into a greedy whisper.

I looked up at Harry and smiled. Then I looked back to Saul, the smile still on my face. Saul was dipping down to get his pants the rest of the way off. He’d already kicked his boots off to the side. “Damn right, I love that shit,” I said.

“Yeah, get that shit off, hot thing,” Saul told me as he squatted to get his socks off.

I leaned my head back and arched my back to make Harry’s dribbly old worm rub over one of my tits as his jizz kept leaking out of it. Looking at Saul I reached up and put a hand on my cheek, smearing Harry’s jism between my face and palm. Then I worked it toward my mouth, getting all I could there before licking it off my palm.

“Yeah, show me how nasty you can be,” Saul said.

With a huge smile on my face I used my finger to try and get that cum tear drop out from the corner of my eye and to my mouth so I could suck it off.

“God, damn, hot thing,” Saul said. That big black pecker of his was standing straight out and with no help at all. Putting on a show of his own now Saul put his hands on his waist and made his pecker rise up a little higher with some muscles that most guys never think they have, and if they do they hardly ever use.

“Fuck,” Harry breathed as I let go of him. I backed up just enough to make his sticky pecker peel away from my tit.

I shifted around on my knees, feeling the carpet give them a slight burn as I moved to face a little more in Saul’s direction. With my right hand I felt myself from the belly up, pushing my fat tits up high. I felt almost like I was a little bit tipsy from having a beer or three. I smiled wide up to him, showing a little bit of teeth. I just couldn’t help myself. “Come on,” I offered.

With a big and toothy grin of his own Saul stepped up to me. He grabbed his pecker and stroked it right in front of my face, the head hanging up above my forehead. “You gonna suck this black dick off, hot thing? You gonna drink all my cum down?”

“Mmmm, fuck yeah,” I told him. Without looking down I felt around on the floor around me until I found my panties. My fingers went around them as soon as I felt the waistband, and then I brought them up to my face to wipe up the little bit of Harry’s jizz that was left over. They were cool and

damp and smelt real fishy, even though I only had them on a couple of minutes.

"Damn, baby," Saul sighed, still working that big old black pecker.

I dropped my panties like I was in a daze, more for show than anything. Then I shifted around and took a step on each knee to put myself right up to Saul. I put my hand on top of his and guided him to point his pecker down so I could take it back in my mouth. I let out a satisfied sigh and heard Harry moan at the same time as I sucked Saul's meat on down, not stopping until the head bumped past my throat hangy.

Looking up to Saul I saw him close his eyes before he leaned his head back a little as I started to really work his pecker good. His heavy musk was strong, and to this day makes me think of black licorice, and right then I just wanted to gobble it all up. I put my other hand around the base of his shaft and slowly jacked it between his balls and our hands as I sucked Saul like there was gonna be no tomorrow.

"God, damn, baby," Saul sighed after a minute or two. "You sure suck dick real good, hot thing."

I looked up to him and gave him a smile as I kept on sucking and stroking him. He gave a slight thrust of his hips as I got him down as far as I had been sucking to make his pecker go a little deeper. I took a deep breath in and out my nose to keep from gagging, but it was hard to fight the urge because the head of his pecker poked right into the back of my throat.

"Shhhhh-it," he panted. "I think I want to get up that thing. Yeah."

I brought my head back, giving myself breathing space as he opened his fingers up from around his stiff rod. I followed along, taking my hand off his and using the other to stroke further up and down his pole. Then I pulled myself all the way back up his pecker until only the head was behind my teeth. I used my lips to hold it there and started licking the head of his pecker inside my mouth.

"Oh, God, damn," Saul groaned. "You didn't tell me she could suck a dick so good."

"Abbey is a damn good cock sucker," Harry said from somewhere behind me.

"Easy, baby," Saul panted. "I don't want to blow off too fast."

I laughed around a mouthful of meat, looking up at his muscular black chest until I saw his eyes looking down at me. I sucked him back down, but not as far as he had been trying to poke my throat. As I came back up I worked a lot of spit in my mouth. When I let his pecker slide out of my

mouth it was gleaming and dripping with my spit. I held it in front of my face and it felt like my nipples were getting a little harder each time I jacked his rod to make the pink head peek out from under this foreskin.

"Yeah, you like that dick, baby?" he crooned.

"Yeah," I purred back.

"You like playing with that big black dick?"

I pulled as far as I could up, then pulled back so that the skin came off the precum and spit slick head. "Oh, yeah!" My heart was racin'. The butterflies were goin'. I felt giddy all inside.

"Go on, hot thing," Saul hissed. "Play with that dick. Play with that thing until it comes all over you."

"Yeah!" I called, jacking him a little bit harder. I bent all my toes as far as I could, squeezing hard as I slipped my mouth back on him.

"Yeah," Harry whispered from behind.

My heart really started pounding hard as I felt that pecker bulge in my mouth as it slid along my tongue. I knew I was about to get my first real taste of nigger sperm and I could hardly wait. It was surprising I guess. You know I really never put too much thought into it before. I did have some fantasies but they were never anything I had thought about too much. But here it was, about to happen in my own living room floor with my old man standing behind and watching.

I was really ready for it too. I purred around his big pecker, hoping it would set him off. Boy did it ever. In about half a second Saul let out a growl as his pecker throbbed in my mouth. His hands went back on my shoulders and he pushed himself toward me as that first glob of hot cum hit the back of my tongue and slid right on down my throat like a warm oyster. I sucked hard, missing the taste for about a minute to make sure that I didn't choke. I was moving my head back when the second spurt shot into my mouth. YUM! Saul's jism had a kind of fruity and salty taste that was a little bit spicy too on top of being thick and rich, the taste just sticking to my throat. It was nothing like I expected it to be.

Saul tightened his grip on my left shoulder and pushed back as he pulled his waist back to make that juicy pecker come out of my mouth. He took his other hand off my other shoulder and grabbed his meat, hissing and growling as he started to give it quick and stiff strokes. I hardly had time to catch my breath before a long strand of his ropy jizz splashed along my nose and up into my hair. I leaned a little closer and stuck out my tongue as Saul

milked his pecker, getting globs of his sperm all over it and on my cheeks and chin.

Okay, I know I'm really sidetracked from yesterday. Hell, yesterday and it's almost tomorrow already. I feel like I got to go on and finish telling you everything about that first time I had some black lovin' though. Can't believe I wrote so much already. It's almost like I know what happened then better than I know about those first couple of jobs yesterday morning. Sitting here buck assed naked now. I finally had to get undressed out of what I wore when I went down to the Stop & Go this morning to get more cigarettes. I had to take me a break to get off and have a couple of cigarettes, that's how hot writing this has got me.

It's almost 11. It might take me till tomorrow to finish telling about yesterday, but I just got to tell you more about my threesome with Harry and Saul before I go on, but I promise to finish. It's just that that first time getting a big old monster black pecker up my slutty white pussy hole was so damn good!

Okay, let me get one more American in before I go on.

I guess talking about having an American is a good place to go back to on. Harry went to the kitchen and got us all some Michelobs while I went into the bathroom and cleaned Saul's jizz out of my hair. Then we all lit up and sat on the couch, Harry and Saul laughing and joking like they was old friends and me and Saul flirting back and forth as my old man reached up and rubbed my side and one of my tits. We probably looked funny, and I thought it was pretty funny. Here was two grown men smoking and having a beer on my couch, both buck assed naked with their schlongs hanging out, and me sittin' naked on one of the arms.

Me and Harry was smokin' down Americans and Saul had him a long white cigarette. It kind of smelled a little like peppermint, and I'm pretty sure his pack was Kools or something like that. You know how them niggers love their menthol cigarettes.

Anyhow, things got more jokey and flirty by the time we finished off our beers and cigarettes, and pretty soon I was off the arm and sittin'

between them with both of them talking nasty about me and feeling me up and down. Harry would give me kisses on the cheek and on the lips, but whenever Saul went in for one he gave me the tongue hard and deep, and that made the butterflies stir around some and my pussy get all creamy as his beard rubbed against my face.

Saul put his hand on my waist after awhile. Little by little bit as it sat there I opened my legs up a little bit at a time. Once I was opened up just enough Saul took a long finger and started feeling around and poking my pussy lips. My blood got to going again and I squirmed between their sweaty hips wishing he would just go ahead and stick it in me.

"Man, her pussy is all wet," Saul finally commented. "Even wetter than it was before."

I kind of cooed and squirmed like I was stupid little blonde bimbo.

"Abbey got a good pussy, Harry?"

"Oh, hell yeah," my old man told him. He put a hand on my knee and rubbed it. "Her pussy's real fuckin' good. Ain't it, babe?"

"Mmmm, sure is," I said. "I ain't never had no complaints." But right then my pussy was kind of complaining. It wanted something in it right then. It was like it could taste having something in it so bad that I was smellin' it more and more as I sat between them. After a little bit it was almost like I had a fish swimin' around my head.

"Oh, yeah, hot thing," Saul asked. The tip of his finger circled around just inside my pussy lips and he moved it up to slip it across my clit. "You want some more dick up in there?"

I gave him a slight smile and closed my eyes a little, enjoying the teasing he was giving my clit. I let out a giggly laugh, kind of snuggling up a little closer to rub my hip against his. "Maybe."

"I think you want this black dick here up your pussy, baby," Saul said, getting closer to my ear.

My lips quivered a little bit as he put some more pressure on my sweet button. Harry reached around and took my left tit in hand, grabbing it and squeezing it. It was all a lot hotter than me and Harry fuckin' around with another gal. "Yeah," he whispered, sounding like he was out of breath.

"Yeah, you want to see me give your old lady this big black dick, man?"

"Fuck yeah," Harry breathed. To me it was almost like he was across the room or somewhere. Mainly I was in kind of a daze, feeling Saul's

finger rubbing that button and imagining what it would look like to see his big black pecker slowly sinking past my white pussy lips.

"Put your hand on that dick, hot thing," Saul told me.

I reached between his legs and felt around until I found his stiff shaft. Stiff? Hell he was almost as hard as he was before he blew his hot spunk down my throat. Just like I knew from the beginning Saul was the kind of guy that never had a problem getting it up. I looked down as I wrapped my fingers around near the end just tight enough to pull the foreskin off his cockhead as I pulled back. That big and pink mushroom looked about like it was blooming or something, all slick and slimy with his left over jism.

"Yeah, you like that?"

I gave him a big grin this time, holding my bottom lip under my top teeth. I tightened my grip on his pecker just a little as I worked it, making big tears of cum juice out of his piss hole as I tugged the skin back over the head, tears that oozed a little more onto my hand as I pulled back down his shaft to make the black skin peel back. "Yeah, I like it."

Beside me Harry was starting to breathe a little harder.

"Yeah, tell me you like that dick, baby," Saul breathed.

I jacked him a couple of more strokes up and down before I answered. "Yeah, I like that big black dick."

"Yeah, babe," Harry whispered in my ear, his hand squeezing my tit for all he was worth.

"Yeah," Saul sighed. He prodded my clit a little harder and it didn't take a genius to figure out that the way I was jacking him off was making him a little hotter and less smooth and cool. "You want to feel that black dick in your pussy?"

"Mmmmm, yeah."

"Tell me," he gasped. "Tell me you want my black dick up in your pussy."

My eyes went wide open as I slowly stroked Saul's pecker back up to make his foreskin cover his dickhead. "I want you to put that big black dick of yours in my pussy. I want you to fuck the shit out of me." This time I made a fist around his meat as I slowly worked his foreskin back down, the side of my hand was getting covered by his sticky warm goo. "I want you to fuck me real good with that thing, honey."

"Yeah?" he breathed.

"Oh, yeah."

I was ready. I'd already went too far not to be a nigger lovin' white slut before the night was over. There was no fuckin' way I was gonna back out.

"You gonna watch me fuck her, man?" Saul asked, his voice getting a little more husky and edgy.

"Yeah," Harry breathed, again grabbing hard onto the tit he was holding.

"You want me to give her this black dick?" Saul continued. "You want me to open her pussy up real wide? Let Abbey show you how much she really loves some nigger dick?"

His finger on my clit felt as sharp as a needle. The butterflies were goin' like they wanted to bust right out of my stomach like that movie where the aliens put their babies inside men. My pussy was so wet it was almost like I pissed myself sitting right there between them.

"Yeah, man," Harry breathed again. "Fuck her. Fuck her like the dirty slut she knows she is."

I closed my eyes, letting out a breath and shivering as I came a little bit. I felt Saul shift away from me and when he did I let go of his pecker. Harry was moving away from me too, and it was almost like they had both had planned on getting up at the same time. Their hands left me so I reached down and rubbed my pussy, just letting the tips of my fingers slide inside my lips.

When the little orgasm passed I moved my hand off my pussy and looked up. Harry was standing off to the side, still naked as a jaybird and fiddling with our camera. Saul was standing right in front of me, his pecker rock hard in his hand and pointing right up at my face. I licked my lips as I watched him pull the foreskin off the head of his pecker and hold it back. He had a hot look on his face that almost made me think I was looking up at some kind of animal as he stood there. I leaned back a little against the back of the couch. Then I opened my knees wide and pulled up my legs so I could put my feet on the cushions.

God, damn it, I almost couldn't wait. I was hot but my pussy lips were freezing from getting wet off me coming. I wiggled my ass forward slightly. Then I put a finger in my mouth and sucked it, trying to give off that coy look that only makes you look slutty when you're totally naked in front of a man. I sucked up a little bit of Saul's cum that had leaked out as I jacked him, another little appetizer.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Harry was saying. “Fuck her, man. I’m gonna take a picture of you putting your dick in her pussy!”

That was almost enough to make me go off again, hearing that my old man was getting ready to take a picture of me getting a black pecker up my pussy for the first time. I looked to Saul and said, “Come on,” almost begging him, and I would have begged him for it if it had come to it.

Saul stepped in a little bit closer and hooked his arms under the bends of my legs, and I could feel they were wet with sweat as his skin touched mine. He tensed up and pulled me slightly to one side so I could lay back against the couch a little more. Then he moved my left leg up and put it up on his shoulder. As he took his pecker in his hand and moved it into position I let my other leg slip off the couch until my foot touched the carpet.

I closed my eyes, feeling like I was gonna pass out again as Saul finally rubbed the head of his pecker over my pussy lips. Then I sighed loudly as he teased it around them and finally slid it up and down my slit. I could feel his hand pushing toward me as I felt the head of his pecker opening up my pussy lips. Then Saul lowered himself down, his weight pushing his big and black manhood up my hole.

“Damn,” I heard Harry gasp a split second before the flash on the camera went off.

Damn was right. Since we had been married it had just been Harry and no other guys. It had been years since I had a new pecker up me, let alone a huge black one. I opened my eyes and leaned forward a little, looking between the two of us so I could get a look. It felt like an electric shock went through me as I watched that black snake spreading my lips open as it disappeared into my hole. My head went all loopy, and it was suddenly like someone pounded my nipples and clit hard at the same time with a hammer. I let out this loud, “Oh, boy!” moan.

“Shit, baby,” Saul hissed. “Your pussy just got a whole lot wetter.”

In response I gasped out and bucked up against him a little as I got the flash of the camera in my eyes.

“Yeah, you want to work that dick, don’t you, hot thing?”

“Mmmmm….yeah,” I moaned back, rocking my waist to make his long and hard meat move a little inside me.

The next thing I knew Saul had reached down and took both my wrists in his hands. “Don’t you worry, baby. I’m gonna give it to you real good.”

God did he ever. He held onto my wrists as he started to really work his pecker in and out of my steamy hot hole. I tensed the leg over his

shoulder to encourage him on. Once it was moving it really felt good, and I damn sure wanted him to go faster.

"Tell me how much you want it," Saul breathed.

"I want it," I panted back, still tensing my leg against him and trying to work my hips to make him do it to me faster.

Saul slowed his pace, pulling his pecker out of me until the head was almost at the hole. "No. You really tell me you want it."

I moaned, feeling a little bit frustrated. "I fuckin' want it."

Saul just held himself still and looked down at me with a grin on his face. "Bad?"

I gave a slight nod. "Yeah, I want it bad."

"Come on and tell me." He was still keeping still. "Tell me what you want me to give you."

I tried to grind myself up on him, but he pulled back a little bit more. "I fuckin' want it!" I finally said in an exasperated voice. "I want you to give it to me. Give me that fuckin' black dick!"

"Yeah, baby?" He still wasn't budging.

"Yeah," I whined back. "I want that black dick!" I almost felt like I was dying for it.

"Yeah!" Saul gave a single thrust and pushed himself all the way home, going what felt like was deeper than anything had ever been up there before. He didn't pull back up, but he held himself there, rocking his hips just a little bit to keep up his tease.

"God, don't tease me, fuck me," I begged.

"You gonna be my white slut, hot thing?"

"Yeah!"

"You gonna be my nigger dick lovin' white slut?"

"God, yeah!"

Saul drew himself back a little and pushed himself all the way back in while keeping a tight hold on my wrists. "Say it, baby. Say it."

"Nnnnn, I'm your nigger lovin' white slut," I cried.

He twisted my arms up and pressed them against my tits, putting his full weight on me before giving me another pair of shallow thrusts. I felt more than saw the flash of the camera go off again, a reminder that Harry was still there, which was also enough to make the butterflies flutter around my pussy and make me juice a little more.

"Tell me," Saul panted.

“I’m your nigger lovin’ white slut,” I gasped. “I want you big black dick up my pussy. I want you to come in my pussy.”

“Nigger lovin’ white slut,” Saul hissed as he worked himself in and out a little faster, taking a bit more in and out with each stroke.

“Nigger lovin’ white slut,” I repeated a little mindlessly. My head felt like it was drifting off.

“Heeh,” Saul panted. He drove that hard black pecker in so deep it almost felt like our bones was grinding together. “Hear that, Harry?” He let go of my wrists and pulled himself up to lean over me, putting a hand on the knee of the leg he had put over his shoulder. Saul held on tight and let out a grunt as he jabbed my pussy harder and just a little deeper. “Your old lady is a nigger lovin’ slut.”

Well, I knew I was. That’s what my family and almost everyone I ever knew would say if they could see me right then. But right then I didn’t really care either. I loved it, and I already knew that I wanted it to be more than just a onetime thing, getting it on with a hung black stud!

“Yeah, she’s a slut for black cock now,” Harry said before snapping another picture.

I thrashed slightly under Saul as he buried himself inside me again. He was finally moving faster, but I still wanted more. “Yes, I love your big black dick, Saul.”

“Yeah, baby,” he said in a loud growl. “That slutty white pussy is juicing all over me.” He was getting into a rhythm now, pumping in and out. “It loves having that dark meat inside.”

“Uhnnn,” I panted as he slammed it home, his big balls bouncing on my pussy lips and against my ass crack. I let my head loll to the side a little bit and as I did I caught sight of Harry. He was aiming the camera again to take another picture and I could see that his pecker was as stiff as a board. Miracle of miracles!

Well that put the idea in my head that I was probably gonna have a chance to get it on with my old man again. Usually one on one Harry was always good to go once, and maybe a second time after he rested an hour or two. He did okay with me and another gal because he always knew when to back off, then whenever he blew his wad in one of us he could get it up again for the other one once he watched us mess around for a while, but this was the first time in years that he had gotten it up again so fast without watching me with another gal or getting his pecker sucked back hard.

Knowing that was enough to really set me off. The butterflies had done went wild. It felt like I had flutters and tingles going up under my skin all over my body. I was sighing and whimpering and panting. My nipples felt like Saul was mashing them between his fingers even though he wasn't touching them. I arched my back under him and yelled out as I felt my juice pouring out of my pussy lips and around his big old pecker.

"Uh! God damn!" Saul groaned. It didn't slow him up none. In fact he started giving it to me a little bit harder, which made me gulp for air and juice all over him again.

"Fuck. I want to get the video camera," Harry said.

Saul reached down and clamped his hands on my waist, thrusting harder into my sloppy pussy hole. "Yeah, you want to video tape this shit?" he asked in a hiss.

"Fuck yeah," Harry said. Now he sounded all hot and bothered and with lusty greed in his voice.

I'm kind of amazed that I could hear them at all. My heart was pounding so hard it made my head feel like someone had hit it with a sledgehammer. I had my eyes closed for a second and they felt like they were crossed behind the lids. I opened them up, slowly focusing on Saul's muscled up chest as it moved up and down as he pumped his long snake into me. I rolled my bottom lip back and forth under my top teeth for a second. Then I gave my black stud a doe eyed look and a smile. "Why don't we go to the bedroom?"

Well, neither one of them had a problem taking that suggestion. Saul immediately rocked back and straightened up. Then he moved back to pull out of me. I watched, fucking fascinated as I saw every inch of that black shaft slowly slip out from between my pussy lips. They were puffy and stretched along with him like they were trying to hold on to him. God, I was thinking that that was probably what it looked like when King Arthur pulled the sword out of that stone.

Ha! Fuckin' stone. I felt like I was stoned from fucking!

I rolled over and tried to get off the couch as soon as Saul was off me. I was shaky, my legs feeling as wobbly as a newborn foal. I only gave one look back to both of them and flashed a smile before I moved to lead the way. Fuck if it wasn't like I'd had a 12 pack or smoked a whole fuckin' dime bag all by myself. I kind of stumbled and staggered out of the room and down the hall, grabbing the doorframe of the bedroom door and looking back to make sure they were behind me before I went into the room.

I got a huge smile on my face thinking about it now because they were definitely right behind me, their hard peckers pointing the way.

I flipped on the light as I went past it. It was almost like it was a dream at that moment. I was telling myself that it was real in my head. Me and Harry was having a threesome with a hung black stud! I'd sucked both their peckers off and swallowed their jizz! I'd been laying back on the couch just a minute ago, getting my first black pecker up my pussy!

"Get in there on your knees, hot thing," Saul said from behind me before I could get all the way to the bed. "I'm gonna do you doggie."

Hell, I didn't need to hear anymore. Just the idea of having that big old black pecker put up me from behind was almost enough to make me come again just from thinking about it! I got right up on top of the comforter and as close to the edge of the bed as I could. I kept my knees wide and squatted up and down suggestively.

I heard the sound of the motor inside the video camera start up and a little click as Harry turned the little light on top of it on. Then I could feel a big and sweaty hand on one of my ass moons. My breath caught as it gently began to rub my skin. "Look at that shit," Saul said as he ran his palm in a circle on my ass.

"Yeah," I heard Harry comment.

"That big white ass," Saul crooned in his deep and smooth voice. He sounded almost like one of them guys on the art shows on Channel 3 who was appreciating a pretty painting. His fingers tightened, clamping down. "This big black dick."

My head feeling a little shaky I glanced back over my shoulder to look at them. Saul had his other hand wrapped around his stiff pecker. It was so hard that the foreskin was pulled back on its own to show off that dark pink dickhead of his. I could see Harry standing in front of the dresser. He was holding the camera, intently focusing on my ass, his pecker still alive and at attention.

Then Saul took his hand off my ass, and with no warning drew back and gave it a hard smack. Well, that was new too. Saul's hand woke up another nest of butterflies that was in my ass and sent them swarming right up to my clit. I came a little bit, my clit throbbing and my pussy getting just a little more juicy. There are some times that I have no idea where all my pussy juice comes from, but I hope to God it never runs out.

Saul swatted my ass again, this time a little harder, and I yelped with that one, my pussy juicing a little bit more.

"You gonna watch me spank that white ass, man?" Saul asked.

"Yeah, man," my old man said back.

"Yeah, man." Saul felt around on my ass for a second and then gave it a smack on the other side. "You want me to put this big black dick up in there and ride that fat white ass?"

"Fuckin' A," Harry breathed.

I turned to face forward and lowered my head down until it was touching the mattress. It suddenly felt heavy, and everything was fuzzy for a second. When I opened my eyes I was looking to where my tits hung down, and then between them I could see my belly hanging down, giving me enough space to see between my legs between it and the bed. All I could see through that little space was legs and peckers!

"I'm about to fuck your bitch real good, Harry," Saul said.

"God damn," I whispered to myself. Looking back that night was my first kind of brush with the submissive side of S&M, even if it wasn't S&M stuff with Saul. Nowadays I swing back and forth both ways on that when need be, but right then, I don't know, I just wanted Saul to do and say whatever he wanted as long as I could get that big black pecker back in my pussy.

"Yeah, man," Harry said. "Fuck her!"

"You better watch out, Harry," Saul warned. "Your old lady is gonna be hooked on black dick now."

Fuck if he wasn't right!

Saul gave me another hard swat on the ass and I moaned. Then I felt his long fingers running up and down my wet pussy lips. It felt so good even if it was a tease, and I let out a sigh. "Yeah, you're turned on to that black dick now, my nigger lovin' slut?"

"Fuckin' give me that black dick, baby," I whined into the comforter.

In response Saul gave me another hard smack on the ass and let his hand rest on it right where it hit. It felt numb and tingly for a second, then he pushed down on it. "Get that ass down a little bit so I can stick this dick in your pussy, Abbey."

Well I was more than happy to oblige that. I went down as far as he was pushing and shifted back and forth a little bit to space my knees a little further apart. The next thing I knew was I could feel his cock head getting worked between my pussy lips. Then Saul let out a loud groan as he drove it right home into my wet pussy hole. That's when I came alive. I pushed myself up on my hands and rocked against him, arching my back.

“Fuck,” Saul groaned. He grabbed my waist and gave me a couple of hard thrusts. “Yeah, Harry, she’s all turned on to that black dick now!”

“Yeah!” I panted. It was already so good I was juicing again, leaking all over his stiff pole. I rocked my ass back, looking over my shoulder. “Come on! Give me that black dick, honey!”

Now it was Saul’s turn to oblige. He held onto my waist and started jabbing himself into me hard and quick. I groaned and tightened my muscles up inside to bear down on him as he really started to fuck the shit out of me. My pussy hadn’t felt so alive in years, and I wondered why I had never suggested that Harry bring another guy home before he had come up with the idea.

Saul picked up the pace, bucking his pecker into me real hard, and letting out a loud groan every time that he did. It was putting me into horny hog heaven. My tits got to goin’, jiggling and bouncing all over each time he drove himself up my pussy to his fat balls. I was panting, and grunting, and sweating right along with Saul. Then the next thing I knew he reached up and grabbed a hand full of my hair and pulled me back further. I never had a guy do that to me until then, but when it happened I was juicing so much it was a wonder the butterflies weren’t drowning.

The juice from my pussy was soaking into the little curls on his balls by the next time he swatted my ass with his free hand. “Yeah! You like that, you hot white slut?”

“God, damn it! Yes!” I cried, then broke into pants and whimpers.

“Yeah, you love it!” He was really whopping my ass like he wanted to tan it good as he quickened the pace he was fucking me with.

“Yeah,” I whimpered.

“Tell me you love that black dick!”

“I love that black dick!” I cried.

He gave each of my moons a hard slap. “Again, baby!”

“I love that black dick! I love your fuckin’ black dick, honey!”

With a growl Saul forced my head down slightly. Looking straight ahead I could see that Harry was now standing in front of me, the video camera pointed dead at me. I felt a laugh that couldn’t get out build in my throat. Harry’s pecker was still hard as hell, a regular blue vein throbber.

“Tell it to the camera, baby,” Saul directed.

I looked up into the lens and took a breath. Then I worked to do my best to put a huge smile on my face as Saul pounded me to make my tits really jiggle. “I love his big black dick.”

Saul gave my ass another hard smack that made me yelp out loud. “Yeah,” he panted, not missing a beat as he pumped me full of hard meat. “Say you’re my nigger lovin’ slut.”

I swallowed hard, trying to catch my breath. “Mmmmm, I’m his nigger lovin’ slut, honey.”

“Y-You’re my nigger lovin’ slut too, babe,” Harry gasped. I’m pretty sure he wanted to put the camera down and start jacking himself off right then, but somehow he kept on filming. It’s kind of funny, but at that moment I was so fucking hot that I almost couldn’t wait for my old man to give me another go too, although I was sure it wasn’t going to be as good as what Saul was giving me right then. But still, I had two fucking hard peckers in my bedroom and I damn sure still wanted to use them both no matter what.

“Get on up here, man,” Saul said, still not missing a beat as he fucked my pussy.

I was pulled back up, Saul yanking my hair back as he pounded me even harder, making my titties bounce all over the place and the butterflies go wild. I was juicing all over his pecker and balls as Harry worked to get up onto the bed with the camera on his shoulder, pretty intent on not missing anything. Somehow he did get there and once he did he was standing on the bed with the video camera trained down on us.

“You see that shit?” Saul asked.

I know from seeing the tape about a million times that Saul was pointing at his long black pecker as it slid in and out of my pussy.

“Fuckin’ yeah, man,” Harry breathed.

“Yeah, I’m really rounding that shit out, man,” Saul panted. “Abbey’s pussy ain’t gonna ever be the same after this shit.”

Well he was damn straight about that. My fuckin’ pussy never lost a craving for black pecker after that night!

“God, damn,” Saul growled. “This bitch never stops comin’!”

I damn sure didn’t want to stop coming.

“Yeah, she gets real fuckin’ wet all the time, Saul,” Harry told him. He was wobbling back and forth, trying to keep his balance on the bed as Saul kept on pounding me like there was gonna be no tomorrow, and if there hadn’t been I would have probably died a happy woman.

Saul pressed my head forward a little. “Suck his dick, baby.”

Well, I got to tell you; if everything wasn’t so hot right then I would have probably busted out laughing. Harry was wobbling around, trying to take the step toward me without losing his balance or dropping the camera. I

imagine if he did things would have probably ended up different than they did, because if he dropped the camera it would have probably landed right on my head and knocked me out, and well that would pretty much have ended things.

Anyway, Harry got into position and balanced with the camera, though he had to squat down a little bit to get his pecker lined up with my mouth. I opened wide and let Saul guide my head around by using my hair until it slipped inside. YUM AGAIN! My old man was leaking jism and I licked it away with the top of my tongue each time I bobbed down.

"Yeah," Saul crooned. "Suck on his dick, baby. Suck that dick!"

Once I got into a good rhythm Saul finally let go of my hair and put both his hands on my waist, slowing his pace down a little bit to take slower and longer strokes up me. Usually when a guy slows down I start to get frustrated and want him to go faster, but it felt good enough that it didn't bother me, plus I was sucking my old man's pecker while another guy was fucking me at the same time for the first time, so I guess you could say that I wanted to savor the moment.

"Yeah, you like suckin' on that dick, baby," Saul hissed.

I hummed a reply around Harry's meat. Then I went to sucking on him a little faster, looking up at him with that doe eyed look and making as many suckin' and slurpin' noises as I could, again trying to put them porno gals to shame.

"You gonna get up in this bitch's pussy again, man?" Saul asked, his voice going back to that smooth and casual tone with only a hint of strain in it.

Harry let out a slight laugh. "Yeah. If she don't suck me dry first."

Well that had us all laughing for a second. I had to let his pecker slide out of my mouth, but Saul still wasn't missing a beat. I have to say I felt a little bit mellow. I was still getting a nice and steady fucking from behind, but everything on the inside had calmed down. Even the butterflies had settled down. I think I kind of went a little numb to everything. You know a good fuckin' can do that sometimes.

"Honey, you're a peckerneck," I told Harry, eyeing his pecker as it bobbed up and down a little because of the motion Saul was making on the bed. After a couple of more strokes I looked back over my shoulder and flashed him a big old smile. "Your dick sure does feel good up there."

"Mmmm, yeah?" Saul breathed, pushing himself all the way inside and coming to a rest.

“Mmmm, yeah,” I told him, pulling myself up a little and then rocking back against him.

Out of the blue he took a hand off my waist and gave the right side of my ass a hard smack that sent tingles and butterflies from my clit all the way to my nipples. I just had a chance to take in a good breath when he did it again. “Yeah, hot thing, let’s do this up right.” He put both hands back on my waist and started pumping away. “Yeah, that’s it! Come some more on that dick.”

I closed my eyes and moaned out loud, rocking myself back on him with each thrust.

“Holy shit,” I heard Harry breathe.

Saul gave me a hard bump that almost made me lose my balance on my hands as the numbness inside me went away. He let go of one side and reached up and grabbed me by the hair again, pulling my head back and making me arch my back. “Uhh!” he growled. “Suck his dick again, baby. Suck his dick.”

I looked up at Harry’s bobbing pecker, opening my mouth and letting Saul move my head around like I was some kind of puppet. My old man’s sticky dickhead bumped against my lips and nose before my big and black stud got my mouth in the right spot for it to go inside. Harry was still dribbling, so I gave him a hard sucking each time Saul helped my pull my head back.

“Yeah, baby,” Saul panted. “Suck your old man’s dick. You get him off in your mouth and then I’m gonna cum all up in that pussy.”

Well, that was all I needed to hear to make me come a little bit more and start sucking Harry for all I was worth. I couldn’t wait to feel that black pecker spewing spluge up my honey hole. It was like I wanted it more than anything else I had ever wanted before. I kept my eyes closed; not wanting to look up at Harry, just in case it set us off to laughing again.

It wasn’t too much longer before I could hear Harry huffin’ n’ puffin’. I knew he was sweating, because I was too and had it rolling off my forehead and down my face. Hell, we was all sweatin’, and by the time it was all said and done our bed stank to high heaven of sweat and sex. I felt that little swell against my tongue as Harry’s dickhead got a little bigger. I sucked him just a little bit harder as Saul pounded himself against my ass hard enough to make a clapping sound, and each time he buried that thing as far as he could the sound got a little louder.

“Aw, fuck,” Harry wheezed.

“Come on, baby, come on,” Saul growled.

All it took was a couple of more times of my tongue trailing along the underside of Harry’s pecker as I took my head back to make him blow off again. He moaned out loud as I felt a hot glob of cum coat along my tongue. I sucked him down and as I took my mouth back down his shaft I was rewarded with another glob. Harry pulled himself back before I could take him down again. His pecker gets real sensitive after he cums, especially if he does it more than one time in a night. I let out a breath, feeling a strand of my old man’s jizz swinging from my top lip.

Almost as soon as I had my breath I felt Saul move his hands down to reach under my belly, taking a firm hold on me once they had reached so far they were almost touching. He pulled me hard against him each time he pounded himself home, slightly lifting me off my hands and knees and making the tingles that were shooting out of my clit seem to go all the way to my shoulders until they felt like they were going numb.

“Yeah, this is it, hot thing!” Saul panted. His abs was gliding up and down against my ass on a coating of our sweat. “Here it comes, baby! Here it comes!”

“Yeah, give it to me!” I begged. God damn if I hadn’t had a fucking so good in a long time. I stuck my tongue out and licked around my mouth to get the rest of Harry’s jizz inside. “GIVE-IT-TO-ME!”

Saul let out a loud growl as he shot his load up my pussy. I swear I could feel it, hot and burning inside and coating it all the way in the back. I could feel his big old pecker throbbing, every vein under its skin stretching as it pumped another big glob of cum deep in my pussy. I let myself drop as much as I could with him holding onto me. My head was wringing wet with sweat as I put my forehead to the comforter and groaned real loud as my pussy clamped down on that big black pecker to help milk out Saul’s cum.

Finally, as I shivered and shook, whimpering and moaning into the comforter, Saul pulled out. He lot out a harsh growl and I felt a couple of more hot globs of sperm land on the top of my ass. One quickly ran up to the top of my ass crack and onto the small of my back like a hot slug on crack.

“Come on, man. Come on,” I heard Saul pant. I peeked again between my belly and mattress and through my shaky legs to see legs, and this time limp peckers. “Look at that shit.”

“Yeah,” I’m getting’ it, man.” I knew Harry must have gotten off the bed as soon as Saul said he was comin’ so he could tape it from behind. He

reached down and gave my left ass cheek a squeeze. “Fuck, Abbey, this is hot.”

“Roll over, baby,” Saul directed. “Flip that shit around.”

Well I kind of let myself drop down onto the mattress. Then I worked to roll over onto my back. Already I felt sore from head to toe. My arms and legs ached like hell, and my pussy felt like it was stretched wide open. I didn’t even bother to try and sit up. I just raised my knees up and opened my legs, and as soon as I did I felt a huge glop of Saul’s sperm pour out of my hole and right down my ass crack.

“See that shit?” Saul asked. He said it in a fascinated tone of voice like he had never seen anything like it before.

“God damn, how the hell did you make that much?” Harry was asking.

I took a hand and reached down between my legs until I could feel my wet and sticky pussy lips. I dipped my fingers inside and got them good and coated with Saul’s jizz. Then I brought my hand back to my mouth so I could suck that fruity and tasty black sperm down my throat before it got too cold.

“Fuck,” I heard Harry sigh.

“Yeah, baby,” Saul gasped. “Eat that shit all up.”

Whew! Yeah, that night was damn sure a hot one. Saul put it to me a couple of more good times. Even Harry managed to get it up and give me another go. Miracle of miracle of miracles. I had to stop and have me a couple more Americans and get off. Fuckin’ hot and sweaty now.

Getting my first taste of black pecker was good, and it wasn’t the only time that me and my old man did a three-way with him. For a while he came home with Harry almost every other Friday. A couple of times he even brought his cousin over and we turned it into a foursome with me and Harry and a couple of hard black studs. Hell I could go on and on about it, but it’s dawn outside now, and I haven’t even finished telling you about yesterday. Well the day before yesterday now.

I think that I’m gonna have one more cigarette and go lay down for a little while and get some sleep. I’ll finish up a little later. I promise.

Okay, it's just afternoon now. I got up and went through my morning routine. Smoked some cigarettes. Got off in the shower. Got me some coffee and sat down in front of the TV for a little bit.

They're still showing that stuff about O.J. Simpson on the news. Ha, a God damn low speed chase. That shit could only happen in some richy place in California. Hell, if it happened around here they probably either would have shot his ass or let him shoot himself. Crazy.

I don't know. I think he must have did it, killed his old lady and her friend. Why the hell else wouldn't he just go in and turn himself in if he really didn't do it? Just let the police sort it all out. I mean if you ain't done nothin' wrong you just go along with the cops. It looks a hell of a lot better than putting on some big drama show.

Anyway, back to the other day. A day in the life.

If you remember where I was all I have to say is that the trolley came first. Just so you know the trolley ain't a real trolley, you know, like back in the old days when they ran on tracks. The trolleys in Sunny Beach and Daytona are just buses made to look like trolleys. Hell, I don't think there ever was any real trolleys around here, just these glorified buses to give the tourist some kind of cheap thrill and to get people from one place to the next.

Anyway, I got on board and paid my money. Then I walked down and found a seat near the back. There were a few stops the trolley had to make here and there, but I knew it would eventually end up at the Sunny Beach Boardwalk, and that's where I wanted to be.

It was around 2:30 when the trolley made its stop at the Boardwalk. I'd wasted a couple of hours between lunch and the trolley ride, but that was okay. After all, I'd already made $450 so far, and I was pretty sure by the time I was done with Moe later that I'd probably end the day with at least twice that.

I got off the trolley, going out the back door so I could get right out. Then I lit me an American and stretched out as the last few passengers got out and the trolley pulled away. Being a Friday in June the Boardwalk was packed. It was one of those days that you couldn't hear the sound of the surf over the crowd. You might think that it's not a good place to drum up business, but the Boardwalk does have its advantages over the beach. Plus there's plenty to do there when I got down time.

You see the good thing about the Boardwalk is there's plenty of nooks and crannies to slip into. Lots of little alleys here and there that have little alcoves you can slip into to do a quickie. Then there's all sorts of gift shops, restaurants, bars, tattoo parlors and game rooms all the way down, and they all have bathrooms or darkly lit corners in them someplace. Yeah, on a crowded day it's easy to get fucked for a quickie somewhere in a corner and not get noticed. Plus the cops and the beach patrol on the Boardwalk are more interested in drunks, pick-pockets and drug deals and fights going on to worry about someone like me. And even when they do take notice they just tell me I need to move along, but I don't think in all the years I been here that I ever actually left the Boardwalk, just went to someplace where the crowd was heavier and the cops were thinner.

On the roofs of a lot of the places in the Boardwalk they have stuff too. There's a go-cart track and about a dozen mini-golf places down the line. The older men and younger guys that work those places are usually willing to pay for a good blow job under the counter while they conduct their own business on top of it. There's also Count Shockula's Haunted House, and the *Creature Feature* Haunted Pirate Ship on the mini-midway in the middle of the Boardwalk and surrounded by most of the game rooms. I been fucked in the dark corners of those places by tourist and regulars alike so many times over the years that I've lost count. I wonder if old Count Shockula would call that some*thing* shockingly horrible? Plus there's one of those mini-Ferris wheels in the kids' section of the midway, you know, the kind that's like abox and you're all closed in except for a window in every side. Yeah, it's perfect for a quickie blow job. (The operators are regulars and they get a little discount for looking the other way as I get into one of the cars with one of their friends or a tourist looking for a thrill).

Then there's the Sunny Beach Pier. It has a sky tower at the beach end, which I've done it in a few times, and a big night club at the other end over the water, that I've also done it in quite a few times because it's filled with a lot of nooks and crannies of its own. Then of course at the far north end of the Boardwalk is a clock tower, and jutting out on a little finger of rocky land is the Coast County Lighthouse.

Probably about the best thing about the Boardwalk is its location. The fancy hotels and condos all start just past the lighthouse. Plus the Atlantic Coastal Arena is only a mile up the road. Then on top of that it's not too far to the county line and to Daytona.

Anyway, like I said, I don't always go to the Boardwalk looking to do business. Sometimes I just go there to unwind. Usually the guys that run the mini-golf courses will let me play for free, and some of the guys that work the game rooms will give me a fist full of tokens, because my services are appreciated. Then sometimes I'll go to a bar or the club to dance, and maybe pick up someone to fuck on my off days.

Hell, there was this one time, about three years ago, that me and some of the other gals that live in the trailer park had a little contest going to see who could pick up and fuck the most guys at the Boardwalk in a week. Rosalie won. I think that was how she got pregnant with her last kid.

Well anyhow, I killed my cigarette and went walking. Like I said there was people everywhere. On top of that there were quite a few cops form the beach patrol all around, and that didn't make the prospect of picking up any new business look good, but like I said I got my regulars so there was still a way to make a hundred dollars or so if I was lucky. I went down to the second block and saw through the doors of one of the bars that a bunch of people were grouped up close to the bar to see something that was on TV, and I guess they were showing something to do with O.J., because it wasn't until a little bit later that I even found out anything about them chasing him all over the state going two miles an hour going on.

I crossed to the beach side at the corner and started walking toward the north end of the boardwalk. All the little game rooms and food grab joints across the way looked like they was jam packed with tourist and their screaming youngins. Once I passed all the game rooms things got a little more quiet as the Boardwalk broke out into the park where the clock tower and the lighthouse stood. It wasn't too long before I saw Jan the Hot Dog Man coming my way.

Jan is probably the last of Sunny Beach's great hot dog vendors. Hell, the only time that he ever had any real competition was when some gals decided to do the same thing in skimpy two-pieces. That didn't last too long before everyone across the whole damn State of Florida was goin' nuts, talking about it being indecent. They finally passed a law that said something about people couldn't be working with food if they was showin' off their anal cleft, whatever that is. So, those gals disappeared pretty quick, and Jan's livelihood and position as Sunny Beach's last great hot dog vendor was secure.

Now Jan does look like one of those people that come out of another age when you see him rolling up with his cart. In fact he looks like he would

fit in real good someplace that they would have real trolleys. Jan rides up and down along the Boardwalk on a specially built tricycle that has a big white box hooked to the front of it and a rough looking ice chest strapped to the back. It has this rainbow colored umbrella to shade him and the whole deal. Him and his two sons have a regular food grab joint tucked between a couple of game rooms, and that's where the hot dogs get cooked up before they go into the hot box on the front of his trike. And I suppose that as long as any seaside city exists on God's green earth there'll be some unwritten law that says there will be at least one guy like Jan around to sell hot dogs on its boardwalk.

"Hey, Abbey," he called as he rolled up to me and put the brakes on. Jan has always tried to talk with this Italian accent, though with his light blonde hair and bright blue eyes I'm sure he's about as Italian as Swiss cheese. But he always talks with that phony roll to his words and I guess that makes him and some of the tourist happy. I mean who the hell ever heard of an Italian guy named Jan?

"Hey, honey," I said to him. "Is it hot enough for you?"

He just smiled real big and shook his head before wiping a hand across his forehead. "You know me. I'm always hot out here. But I make good money."

(Now that really came out something like, "Youa knowa mea. I'ma always hota outa here. Buta Ia makea gooda money." Yeah, real corny I know, but kind of cute at the same time because he works at that fake accent so hard.)

"That you do," I agreed.

You probably wouldn't know it if you ever met him, but Jan is probably one of the richest middle class men in Coast County, if not the whole Five Counties area. In fact I'd even bet that his little rolling hot dog stand probably makes just as much as, if not more than, the other food grab joints along the Boardwalk combined. I think that people like the idea of there being a real street vendor on the Boardwalk. Plus he sells at the right price. Where else can you get a hot dog with the works and a bottle of Coke for a dollar?

Jan swung his leg over and got off this trike, taking a step toward me. "Want to buy a hot dog?" he asked. That's the beginning of a long standing joke between the two of us.

"Buy?" I asked back. "Hell, most guys I know pay me to take one."

Yeah, yeah. It's a little corny and should be old by now, but still every time we do it we both laugh.

Jan just smiled after he laughed, showing off his teeth. "I still say that one day I'm gonna take you home and give you one of these, he said, jerking his thumb toward the box on his cart that has, JAN THE HOT DOG MAN, stenciled on the side.

"Oh, so it's for free now?" I asked.

The other part of the joke is that someday Jan wants to watch me fuck myself with one of his hot dogs. Of course I say it's a joke, but somehow I know someday that he's gonna be staring down at me while I shove one of his warmed up franks in my pussy hole. Actually after about six years of joking about it I'm kind of curious to give it a try. Hell, the time might come that I let him take me to his house someday so he can.

"Okay," Jan said. "Something for pay. My treat." He leaned toward me, putting his mouth near my ear. "How about a blow job?"

Getting sucked off was Jan's usual request. Oh, he's fucked me a few dozen times, and he's pretty good at it, considering. The only thing is we've pretty much become good friends, one of my few real friends around here, so when we fuck I insist that he doesn't have to pay me. So to make sure that I can't refuse the money he always keeps it to me sucking him off.

"You know all you got to do is ask," I told him.

Jan looked around for a minute. "Hey, Jesus!" he called after a second.

Jesus is one of the street kids that hangs around the Boardwalk looking for odd jobs to do, and at that moment he was a little ways down from us, standing at the corner of the last arcade on the Boardwalk. He's about the only one of them that you can trust not to rob you blind with your back turned. Anyway, even though it's in Spanish, how could you not trust someone with a name like Jesus?

I know from him being around so much that he's had a pretty tough life. His parents fight all the time, when his old man ain't beating on his mother, so every spare moment he had he started hanging out on the Boardwalk. Once he got to be 18 he took all the money he had been able to scrape up from odd jobs and got an apartment at a complex that makes some of the bad trailers in the trailer park look like they're the Ritz.

Even though he's had it rough he's a great kid. He will only take the money that he's earned from someone, and from what I can see he's not like a bunch of people in his situation that would rob you blind and sponge off

welfare. Jesus, from what I've seen, believes in making an honest living, the kind of kid my Daddy would have respect for.

"Yo, Jan, what you need?" Jesus called as he stepped off the corner and then came jogging up to where we were.

"Can you keep an eye on my cart for a couple of minutes?" Jan asked once he reached us.

"A hundred twenty seconds," Jesus said. "No sweat." He didn't ask Jan if he was going to get paid or how much. That's the kind of kid he is. He knows that Jan is gonna make it worth his while, and Jan knows he ain't gonna take off with is hot dog cart and never be seen again. "Sure two minutes is all you'll be gone?"

Of course Jesus knows who I am and what I do. Jan kind of gave me to him as an 18th birthday present. You know, so he could learn all about pleasing a woman and that "traditional" stuff all us whores is supposed to teach. Ha, I never did have the heart to tell Jan that Jesus was no virgin, but hell it's the thought that counts anyways right?

Jan kind of gave a little laugh, and then we started walking arm and arm to the far north end of the Boardwalk. It probably took one and a half of those two minutes to reach our usual spot. There's a doorway to the clock tower on the side facing the Boardwalk, and you have to go down a few steps to get to it. It ain't really much, but once you get to the bottom and duck down no one can see you, unless they're pretty much standing right on top of you.

At the bottom I knelt down in the most shaded little corner and waited for Jan to unzip his fly. Now I got to tell you about Jan's pecker. It ain't too big, about the size of a Vienna sausage, and I guess that's actually pretty funny since he's the hot dog man. But still, it gets the job done. He's got three sons and a daughter so it's got to, right? Plus whenever we're fucking whatever he lacks in pecker he makes up for with tongue, a plus with almost any guy. Hell, I wish I could say the same thing for some guys that have fire hoses hanging between their knees.

The wind picked up a little bit off the ocean, blowing a little gust around down at the bottom of the steps. I had to reach around and get my hair away from my face before I started suckin' on Jan's pecker.

"That's good, Abbey," he whispered down at me. I looked up at him and gave him little wink.

I let him come out of my mouth and then looked up at him as I stuck out my tongue and gave it a lick across the head. Jan gasped and sputtered a little bit. I put a hand around his balls and cupped them as I sucked him back into my mouth. You might think suckin' a smaller pecker isn't a big challenge like a real long one is, but you got to be careful, cause if you get it too slick too fast it'll pop right out from between your lips like a greased up pig.

Jan does have a nice set of balls. Not overly out of proportion with his pecker, like someone else that fucked me yesterday, but I'll get to that later. The point is that even though Jan ain't exactly hung like a stud horse he can come pretty good, and when the motivation is just right he can come again and again.

It didn't take too long. When you or the guy you're with is pressed for time you know what pace you need to take, especially if the guy you're with is a regular like Jan. Just before his breathing started to get a little harder I heard a sound, like the sound shoes make going across the grit on top of concrete. I tilted my head slightly as I sucked along and glanced up to the top of the steps, but there wasn't anyone there.

With a slight moan Jan put his hands lightly on my shoulders. "Yeah, baby," he panted. He flexed his fingers and then tightened his grip. "Here it comes, Abbey."

I put my mouth as far over him as it would go and sucked a little bit harder. I had a runny flow of Jan's sperm coat my tongue right before it was followed by a fat and slick glob. I sucked it right on down, savoring the salty sweet taste of Jan's come.

"God, damn, you suck so good, Abbey," he whispered as I sucked another glob down my throat.

I kept suckin' along until I was sure there wasn't gonna be that much more. Then I took my mouth off him and smiled up at him as I gave his wet little pecker a light stroking' that made a couple of more white drops ooze out onto my hand. "You damn sure know it."

Jan took about half a minute to catch his breath and compose himself. Then he put his pecker away and zipped up before reaching back to grab his wallet. Yeah, I know I already said that I always take the money up front, but I know Jan real good, and the only places he's ever stiffed me has been in the pussy and in my mouth. "Here you go," he said, pressing a bill in my hand.

Without looking I already knew he'd given me a fifty. "You know I only charge you half, honey. You get the special discount."

Jan shrugged and kind of laughed, and it sounded a little tinny down at the bottom of the steps. "Whatever."

I grinned as I took my purse and slipped it in with the rest of my money. Then I adjusted the girls and ran a hand through my hair.

"How many guys you been with today?" It's an okay question coming from Jan. He's one of the few people I talk casually about "business" with.

"Two. Two and a half counting you," I joked.

With a sigh he laughed and shook his head. "A slow day then for a Friday?"

"Eh," I shrugged. "I been pacing myself a little slow. I'm going on a little vacation." I pulled my cigarette case out of my purse and opened it up to get one out and light it. "Besides, business is going to pick up later."

"Ah, a hot date," Jan said, rubbing his chin.

I couldn't help but laugh thinking about Artie and his clumsy pickup line from earlier. "Yeah, I guess you could say that."

"Doing anything special for vacation?" Jan asked.

Exhaling a big cloud of smoke I gave a shrug. "Naw, not really. I hadn't even really thought about it."

He reached up and gave my chin a gentle stroke. "Well, if you never decide on anything give me a call. I could take you out to dinner or something, and we can have some fun."

I couldn't help but smile. Hell, I think I might have even blushed a little bit. "You know, I just might take you up on that."

We chit-chatted a little bit more, and then he said he needed to get back to his cart before Jesus started wondering if he was ever gonna come back. I couldn't help but assure him that I was sure that Jesus had faith in him. So we went back up the steps and then we both headed back to work, you could say.

You know one of the funny things about the Boardwalk is that on the east side at the north end it borders on the only truly bad part of Sunny Beach. I guess it's like any other place. Usually the places where everyone goes to slum in the slums isn't too far from the ritzy and richy part of town.

I had walked on toward the seedier part of the Boardwalk after me and Jan had parted at the clock tower and back toward the main drag. The place is full of fly-by-night motels that stay out of business most of the time. A few bars that are a lot rougher than the ones on the main Boardwalk. There's even a strip joint that sits right across the street from a McDonald's.

Anyhow, remember that I said I heard a sound like someone shuffling their feet on concrete while I was going down on Jan? Well the fact of the matter was that I wasn't just hearing things. Someone did see us go down the steps of the clock tower and came up to see what was going on, and that same somebody had been following me since I had left. The only thing was that I was just then going to find that out.

I had just got to the McDonald's and was going to cross over to the strip joint side when a car pulled up next to me and honked the horn. The car was a red convertible Mustang that looked like it had just come off the lot. The girl in the driver's seat looked like she had pretty much just come off the lot too. I guessed she was 20 if she was even that. She had curly blonde hair that looked like it came to the small of her back. Her tits didn't look all that big, but she had stuffed them into a shirt that was way too small to make them look huge. (Like I wouldn't know that trick.) She was wearing a pair of Oakley shades that was popular about four or five years ago, you know the gaudy assed ones that are like a shield and you can switch the frames for different colors? This particular pair had a purple frame, and she had done her best to accent the look with a thick coat of plum colored lipstick that made her come out looking more like a whore than I did.

Well the first thing that I thought was that she was trying to get a row out of me, especially when she yelled over to me. "Hey, I saw you sucking that guy's dick!"

"So?" I spat back.

Right off she reminded me of one of those spoiled ass little rich girls that go to the all girl college in Easlund. You know the kind that I mean. They got all of mommy and daddy's money and have no idea of really what to do with it, except to spend it and then whine until they get some more.

Well, anyhow, I was about to leave it at So. You know, I was just gonna ignore the stuck-up little bitch and be on my way.

"You're feisty," she called as I was about to walk on. I looked back at her to see a smirk on her face under those overpriced, spoiled brat, sunglasses.

"Aw, darlin', no fuckin' shit," I spat back.

Her smile just got bigger. The next thing I knew she was leaning across the passenger seat and the door flew open. Another car that had gotten tired of waiting for her to get out the way was going around her, its horn blaring. The old man that was driving the car spouted some foreign stuff that I didn't understand before flipping her off and squallin' his tires as he went around her and into the intersection.

"You'll do fine," she said. "Hop in."

So I did. She may have been a spoiled brat, but I already knew she was a spoiled brat that was looking for something to spend her money on that her parents would not approve of. Well, I was pretty sure that Abagail King fit that bill.

I only had enough time to sit down and shut the door before she was squallin' the Mustang's tires and taking a sharp turn to get onto the main drag. I worked to get the seatbelt around me as the wind whipped at my face and hair she reached over and turned on the stereo, which immediately was blaring Ace of Bass's song, *'All That She Wants'*. "You like Ace of Bass?" she yelled over the music.

"Sure," I yelled back. I like 'em okay, but hell she could have been listenin' to Oscar the Grouch singing about living in a trash can and I would have told her sure. The customer's always right, and like I said, I do aim to please.

She reached back to the stereo and punched a button a couple of times, which made the song switch to their newer one, *'The Sign'*, after beeping a couple of times.

"This is my favorite," she yelled as she started to groove in her seat to the beat of the music.

It was pretty much at that point that I realized that not only was she a spoiled brat, but that she was also probably a little high on something other than life. Glancing down between her seat and the console I saw a wine bottle, which quickly confirmed to me that she was at least buzzed pretty good if not rip roarin' drunk.

"I'm Deidre," she yelled as we sped on down the highway, only slowing and stopping for red lights. Well it was better than I though, because I was sure that it was either gonna be Muffy or Buffy or something like that.

"Abbey," I told her. No, I knew we wasn't gonna be friends, but I'm sure if I said Abagail straight off she would probably tell me it was her great-grandma's name or something like that.

"You know how to play games?" she asked.

"Depends on what sort of games."

Deidre giggled and reached out to turn her music down a hair. "You know what kind of games. Sex games." With a big smirk on her face she eased herself back in the driver's seat before glancing over at me. "Me and my friends are all bored with each other. We need someone like you to play a game with."

"Someone like me?" I asked.

With a snort she giggled again. "Yeah, you know. A hooker."

Well I was pretty much still guessing at what Deidre meant by sex games. Most people her age have no clue as to what they're really doing when they play around doing S&M stuff. They seem to think it's all about getting tied up or handcuffed and talked to like they're dirt. For my part I had learned how to do it all seriously, with people who took it seriously. So I was game, and pretty much knew I'd be a lot more impressive than whatever Deidre and her friends were probably expecting. Plus I had a few hours to spare before I was supposed to meet up with Moe at The Seaside.

She put the pedal to the floor and reached back to fiddle with the stereo, and with another beep Ace of Bass was replaced by DRS singing *'Gangsta Lean'*. (Yes, I know rap guys and songs when I hear 'em). "Come on, Abbey, let's get our gangsta lean on!" she yelled, instantly grooving along with the new beat.

Well now it was time for me to set out my ground rules, so I reached over and turned her music down. "Okay, you and how many friends?"

"Just me and Gina and Twila," she said.

"Okay, so that's three of you. Fifty dollars an hour."

"That's fine," Deidre giggled.

"Apiece," I added.

She just looked over to me and smiled, my own face reflected across the shield of her shades. "Perfect."

"Plus and extra hundred, for games," I added.

Deidre just kept on nodding. "Okay."

"Up front."

She looked over to me with a big, shit eating, grin on her face. "Done."

I took a look at my watch and saw that it was just getting to a quarter after four. Moe had said it wouldn't be a problem if I wasn't there right

when his party started, but I still didn't want to be too late. "Plus I got to be back in Sunny Beach in a couple of hours, so that's all you get."

"Yeah, yeah, $400 up front for two hours and games," Deidre nodded. "No problem."

Looking ahead of us I could see that we were already about halfway through Daytona. "Where we headed anyway?"

"A place up just past Ormond Beach," she said. "The Periwinkle Inn."

Well I knew The Periwinkle Inn. It was one of them big high rises that had started out all fancy, but had fallen on hard times over the years as more and more people wanted to come and be sure they stayed in Daytona Beach, *the real* Daytona Beach, and not just somewhere close. I already knew if Deidre and her friends had enough money to pay me in cash that they were out slumming hardcore.

I kind of hunched down in the seat out of the wind and got out my Americans and a lighter. As I got my cigarette lit I realized my earlier estimation had been right, and I would have at least twice what I had when I got on the trolley to the Boardwalk by the time I got to The Seaside. Of course that was if Deidre wasn't taking me somewhere to drop me off and take off because she and her friends really didn't have enough to pay me. Yeah, I've had that happen before.

I took a deep drag and eased back in the passenger seat and decided to relax and enjoy the rest of my ride as Deidre reached over and turned her music back up full blast.

Well, it didn't take but a few more minutes to reach our destination. Deidre parked the Mustang and we got out, me having another American as we walked up to The Periwinkle. After we got inside and rode the elevator up to the third floor where they were staying I looked at the faded and stained carpet and the plaster chipping off the ceiling near some water stains. It had been a year or two since I had been to The Periwinkle, and it was looking more run down than ever. Places like that are never redone once they fall on hard times. If someone does want to do something with them it's usually to knock it down so they can put up a whole new building instead of renovating the old one.

I guess I wasn't that surprised to see that the place was getting even more run down. All the hotels and motels I go to are usually run down. At

least I can say with pride that the inside of my trailer looks a hell of a lot better than any of the rooms I went into the other day.

Anyway, once she opened the door to her room we walked through a small kitchenette and then into the main part of the room. Even the set up at The Periwinkle is pretty close to a regular motel room, except it's just a little bigger, has bigger beds, a bigger desk and TV, the kitchenette and of course a balcony with a sea view. I know that the bathrooms in The Periwinkle are bigger, and fancier, with Jacuzzi jets built into the bathtubs, but other than that there's not much to separate it from places like The Beach Rose, or Carol's Star Motel. Well, other than the fact that it's a high rise.

I saw Deidre's friend, Twila, almost as soon as I got past the kitchenette. She was laying on her side on the bed closest to the doorway, and moved to get herself up on an elbow as I came in. Twila was blonde and pudgy to the point that she was just about my size, though I could tell even with her laying down that I was taller than she was. She had some pretty green eyes, and they seemed to sparkle a little as she looked me over. She had on this red dress with lacy black trim and black pantyhose. Twila looked more like someone who was about to go to a fancy dinner than someone staying at The Periwinkle Inn, and her clothes would have probably still outshined the place when it was in its prime.

Then, Gina, the other girl, came strolling out of the bathroom. She was a skinny thing, with short black hair, and she was kind of dog faced. It wasn't too hard to see that she was the ugly one of the bunch. At that moment the only thing she was wearing was a pair of pukey pea green panties. She had big titties for a skinny girl, but they were capped with what they call pancake nipples that look like they're taking up the tit when you're looking at them at just the right angle. Of course once she got a little closer I could see that she had little bruises and hickies all over them and the side of her neck.

"Here, we are!" Deidre announced, trying her best, I'm sure, not to sound like she was about to giggle.

Gina kind of wrinkled her, what was a stubby, little nose as she walked up to me. "She's old," she said in kind of a dismissive tone. She walked around me as I stood there. Then she stopped in front of me and grabbed the tie on my halter and gave it a jerk. Then she pulled the cups off my tits by holding onto each tie. Lefty was sunk it at that moment, and Gina kind of looked them both over with a sour look on her face. "And ugly."

"Pot callin' the kettle black, darlin'?" I asked.

Well that got Deidre to snickerin'. "She's feisty," she laughed.

Twila rolled over onto her stomach and propped herself up on her elbows. "I thought you were going to bring someone closer to our age," she said in a little voice.

Deidre gave a shrug.

"Yeah, she is feisty," Gina said, not really paying them much attention. "Oh, I think you should do."

I couldn't help but crack a little smile. "Fine with me. First, though, we need to take care of a little something."

"She needs $400," Deidre announced. "And just for two hours."

Gina kind of gave me a look, and she had this big smirk cross her face. Then she turned to Twila. "You pay the woman. She's here for you."

"Yes, ma'am," the big girl nodded. She sat up and slipped off the bed, going to a table by the sliding glass door to the balcony and grabbing her purse.

"In cash," Deidre told her.

I took a minute to get a handle on the situation. It was easy to tell from the way she acted and the way that Twila acted back that Gina must of thought of herself as a dominatrix. Her callin' her ma'am was a pretty good sign. I wasn't too sure where Deidre fit in; even if she really did at all, but it was a sure bet that she was Gina's yes girl either way.

Deidre went into the kitchen and I glanced back long enough to see that she was getting herself another bottle of wine or something. Gina let go of my halter ties as Twila made her way over to us. I shifted my purse around and opened it up. She handed me the four bills and I thumbed them over to see that they was all Ben Franklins before putting them in with the rest of my money and zipping it back.

"Put the whore's purse on the counter," Gina told her.

Well, inside I was reluctant to hand it over, just in case they had some funny business in mind. But I slipped it off my shoulder and handed it to Twila anyway, figuring that she wouldn't get too far dressed the way she was if she was gonna run out the door with it, Gina was even more underdressed and it was a miracle the Deidre could walk and talk at the same time the way she was apparently drinkin'.

When she came back from the kitchen she went right back and sat down on the bed. Deidre walked far enough into the main room to lean against the doorway and take a swig from her wine bottle. I just stood and waited, knowing that either they all had no clue about S&M games and were

about to show it, or that one of them, more than likely Gina, would lay out the ground rules of some sort of scene or another.

Gina kind of looked me up and down. Then she reached out and put her hands on my tits and felt over them, giving them a squeeze. "Well at least they feel nice." She took her hand off my left tit and stuck her finger in her mouth. Once she had it wet and slick with her spit she put it to the edge of my nipple and began to run it around the edge in a slow circle. Well, Lefty came alive for that and started to pop up a little.

Once she had both my nipples hard Gina took her hands off me and slowly sank down to her knees. I watched as she put her nose down to my crotch. Closing her eyes she took a deep sniff, then stood right up. "You smell like a fucking old tuna fish," she said in an uppity voice.

"Maybe she needs a bath," Twila meekly suggested from where she was sitting on the bed.

An arm suddenly went around my waist from behind, and another one that had a big bottle clenched in the fist on the end of it went over my shoulder. Deidre's hot breath tickled my ear as she leaned closer. It looked like she was going to be a little more involved in whatever Gina was playing at than I thought. "Do you want to take a bath for us, Abbey?" she asked. Then she lightly licked the edge of my ear before giving it a little nibble.

"Sure, darlin'," I told her, mustering up one of them hot and sultry voices. I wanted her and her friends to feel like they was getting their money's worth whether they knew what they were doing or not. Plus I figured if I acted like I was game for anything it would make Gina feel like she was in control of everything, which obviously gave her a big thrill.

The next thing I knew Gina hand put her hands on both of my cheeks and pulled my face to hers. So, I just went with the flow. There was a soft peck on the lips between us, and then a full and sloppy tongue kiss. Behind me Deidre gave a big old whoop. You know, the kind I usually hear from some good old boys when they're watchin' one of their buddies getting his $50 worth out of me.

So I took my bath. Deidre ran some warm water while I grabbed my cigarette case out of my purse. Once I had one lit I went into the bathroom to find a tub full of steaming bubbles. I got out of the rest of my clothes and then slipped down into the warm and soapy water. Once I got adjusted I

leaned back and took a drag off my American. I knew that I really couldn't relax too long. After all I had a job to do. Plus I still needed to get back to Sunny Beach before Moe's little get together really got going.

I had just finished my cigarette and leaned over to throw it into the toilet when the door opened and Twila came in. She had a bag with her that she sat to the side. Then she came over and put the lid of the toilet down and took a seat. "I'm supposed to wash you since you were brought her for me," she told me.

"That's fine with me, darlin'", I said. So I sat up as she took a rag and stuck it in the water to soap it up. Then she washed my back and my shoulders. She was real gentle, like someone washing a kid instead of someone washing someone they was about to get it on with. "So, what's in the bag?"

"Something that Gina wants you to put on," the big blonde said as she washed over my shoulder and then down in the valley between my tits.

"Alright."

Twila really lingered over my tits, giving them a teasing rub with the rag that was enough to make both my nipples harden up and come to attention. Then she washed over my belly, and when she began to move further down I raised my knees out of the water and opened up as far as I could. There was a twinkle in her eyes and a smile on her face as she slowly worked the rag over my pussy. That made me get the feeling that Twila was probably not as shy, or meek or as innocent as she put on to be.

She washed up and down both my legs and then told me to turn over. I did her one better. I got up, stood up in the tub. Then I sank back down and got on my hands and knees. I think we was both smirkin' to each other as she soaped up my ass real good, and then worked the rag into the crack between my moons. My little pucker hole was tingling and clenching up as she lightly fingered the rag over it. So far that day my asshole had been neglected and unused.

When she was finally finished I got out of the tub and she helped me dry off. Then she helped me get dressed in what Gina wanted me to wear. I about laughed when she got it out of the bag, I almost couldn't believe it. It was one of them bikinis they have at a lot of specialty shops between Daytona and Miami. I had seen ones like it before and always kind of wanted to have one, but I had just never gotten off my duff to do it. I guess you would call it a jungle girl, or a Venus type getup. The top was two large scallop shells for cups that were hooked together and tied with a rawhide

leather string. The bottom was all rawhide leather. It's what I think they call a loincloth, just a flap in the front and a flap in the back that went to just above my knees with nothing underneath or between them but skin.

"How old are you, girl?" I asked Twila as she tied the string on the top behind my back.

"Nineteen," she said, her face turning a little red.

"You been with women before, right?"

"Well, yeah," she said as she used her fingers to kind of poof and fluff my hair a little. "Just not one as old as you before." She looked at me by looking into the bathroom mirror. "I've never been really good with guys tough."

"Oh."

"That's kind of part of what Gina wants you to do."

"What is?"

Looking at me through the reflection in the mirror she kind of smiled and blushed again. "Well, Gina likes to go both ways and she wants me to too. Since I'm nervous doing it with guys she's got a toy that you can put on and do it with me with. And Gina and Deidre want to watch."

I kind of gave a little laugh. "And get their jollies off too?"

She blushed again and nodded as she stepped back so that I could turn around. "Yes," she sputtered. It came out on top of a little laugh that I am sure that Gina probably wouldn't appreciate if she really thought of herself as a dominatrix or Mistress type.

Twila slipped a hand back behind her and reached back to unzip her dress. I looked her over, taking more and more of her in as she pushed it off her shoulders and let it slip down her body and pool around her feet. The tops of the black pantyhose she was wearing were attached to a matching garter belt. She had on a red corset that looked like it went with her dress, and no panties. Looking down past the little swell of her tummy was a sweaty looking little patch of hair around her pussy hole. The corset she was wearing hadn't been tied enough to really suck anything in, but it had been pulled tight up top where it opened up to show her titties off. She had bubblegum pink nipples that were hard and standing up like fat little eraser ends.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked, turning away a little bit as if she was suddenly shy again.

"You look pretty to me," I told her. And I really didn't think she looked half bad. Hell, she looked better than me, and if it was a girlfriend

she really wanted I was pretty sure that she could do better than Gina.

She put on this shy little girl smile as she looked back up to me, parting her lips enough to show a little teeth. "Gina tells me that all the time."

"Well, she should," I told her.

Twila leaned closer and gave me a soft little kiss on the lips. "I'll go back out," she said. "You wait just a minute, and then you come out too."

"Alright," I told her.

So she went out, and I tried to get more of an idea of what Gina was wanting me to do with her. I was pretty sure there was gonna be a strap-on involved in there somewhere. So, I took a breath and waited a minute, wishing I had another American with me to help me kill the time.

The main room was freezing compared to the bathroom. On top of that the scallop shell cups on the bikini top were cold to begin with, so as time went on my nipples were so hard against them that the cold really started to make them fuckin' hurt. I had a slight tickle of butterflies in my clit too. Part of it was because I had cold leather swinging in front of my bare pussy and fanning the cold air right up my snatch. The other thing that got the old butterflies goin' was the fact that I hadn't messed around with another woman in a couple of months and it was really starting to hit me that I had three gals waiting for me, and each of them probably wanting to do a little something with me.

Deidre was still dressed and sitting on top of one of the nightstands drinking away on her wine bottle. Gina was sitting at the foot of the bed closest to the entrance of the kitchenette. She had taken her panties off, and I could see that her crotch was thick with curly black pussy hair. Twila was sitting on the corner beside her, still dressed the way she was when she left the bathroom. A little up from them and toward the edge of the bed was a flesh toned strap on. It had to be all of seven inches, and of course I knew I was supposed to put in on and be Jungle Woman Wild Girl with Twila, to help her get used to taking pecker, or whatever the "game" Gina had in mind was supposed to be.

She slid a little bit closer to Twila as I got closer to the bed. Then she slipped her arms around her and they kissed a little lover's kiss for a long time. Gina felt the big girl up through her corset and started playing around

with her tits. Twila started breathing heavy and sighing, and I had to admit that it started to get me going a little more too. Deidre finally put her bottle down and got up. She stepped up behind me and I felt her lightly running her fingers along my arms as she giggled lightly.

"You're going to fuck my girlfriend," Gina said.

Well, duh. I had already kind of got the idea.

Deidre stopped touching me and stepped back. I heard her doing something that made a kind of slipping and slithering sound. I glanced back to see that she was taking the thin little belt she was wearing out of the loops of her jeans. I looked back to Gina, and she had that twisted and bratty little smirk back on her face. Then I looked to Twila, her big green eyes were sparkling.

"Bend over and give Gina a kiss, Abbey," Deidre said.

I did what she said. It was their money. (At least Twila's money). And their show, though I knew I was about to find out if they had any clue what they were doing or not. If Deidre was about to give me a wild whippin' with her belt, then I'd know they had no clue how to play S&M games, and I would call it quits and give 'em the money back.

Leaning over I reached out and put my hands on Gina's knobby little knees as she put her face to mine. Then we started kissing, sloppy Frenching, really going at it. She moved her face around, feeding me as much of her tongue as she could and using it to feel around all inside my mouth. Well, the butterflies in my clit came to life because I was already imagining how good this ugly little rich gal was at pussy lickin'.

All of the sudden my ass got a little bit colder as Deidre raised up the back flap of my getup. As I kept on kissing Gina there was a loud crack as the hard leather of her doubled up belt crossed my ass. It sounded a lot louder than it felt, because she didn't hit me too hard. But still I let out a little yelp into Gina's mouth just for show.

Gina pushed me back from her and took a breath. "Do it again, Dee," she ordered.

My ass and nipples were tingling a little bit from excitement and anticipation. I figured, just maybe, they had more of an idea of what S&M was about than I had been giving them credit for. Deidre hit my ass three more times with the belt, but only as hard as she had the first time.

"Now, take her down," Gina told her.

Well I let out a little yell of hurt and surprise when Deidre took a hand full of my hair and pushed me down so that I was half-kneeling in front of

Gina where she sat on the bed. “You like to eat pussy?” Deidre demanded into my ear. “Do you like eating other chicks out, Abbey?”

“Yes,” I said.

Deidre twisted my hair around her hand and pushed me closer to Gina’s hairy snatch. “Hear that, Gina? This old whore likes to eat pussy!”

“That’s good,” Gina said. “I’m gonna make sure before I let you do anything with my girl. Twila only deserves the best. Isn’t that right, baby?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I heard Twila say. Her voice had taken on that meek and weak little girl tone again.

I yelled out again, for show, as Deidre gave me another loud but light hit across the top of my ass.

“I trusted you to be good to Twila when she was in the bathroom with you, whore,” Gina went on. From where I was at it was easy to smell her pussy, and she was real musky, like moosey-man musky. And she said I smelt like an old tuna. “You were good to her?” she asked.

“Yes,” I told her. I wasn’t gonna call her ma’am the way Twila was, because she hadn’t bothered to ask me to.

“Did anything happen in the bathroom, Twila?” Gina questioned.

Well, Twila didn’t say anything back right off.

“Answer me!” Gina said, raising her voice. “Did this old whore do anything to you in the bathroom?”

I could hear Twila making a sound in her mouth as she cleared her spit out of it. “We kissed,” she admitted in her meek little tone.

“So you were a bad girl?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I turned my eyes up and could just make out the blur of the bigger gal’s form over Gina’s shoulder.

“Deidre,” Gina purred.

The next thing I knew she had let go of my hair and was walking around me. I looked up to where Twila was sitting just in time to see Deidre give her a light smack on the side of her face with her belt. Right then I really knew that I had judged Deidre wrong from the first impressions I had got on our ride to The Periwinkle. Yeah, they all knew how to play this kind of game well. Even Twila. There was no mistaking that they had all done this kind of thing before, probably plenty of times. Deidre showed a lot of restraint, and her acting all drunk was just that, an act, which was good. I knew then that things wouldn’t get out of hand the way they could if none of them had any clue about what they were doing.

Gina smirked at me and then looked to Deidre. Twila was turned away from me, and making whimpering noises like she was crying, but I didn't have to be an expert to tell it was a put on. "Take care of her," Gina said to Deidre. Then she turned back and looked down at me. "Alright, you old whore. I still have to make sure that you're going to be good to my Twila." She leaned back a little bit and opened her legs a little wider. "I want you to eat me out. Show me you can do a good job sucking Twila's twat. Eat me. Take your tongue and stick it up my cunt."

I gave a quick glance behind her to see that Deidre was cradling Twila's head like she was a baby, whispering to her and kissing her cheeks and lips. The blonde, pudgy gal had a hand up and was rubbing Deidre's chest, and from where I was it looked like she might be trying to pinch her nipples through her clothes. It made me wonder if Deidre was really going to get down and dirty. Maybe Gina wouldn't let her go too far. Maybe she wasn't even allowed to get undressed. She dipped down and kissed Twila's tits and up her neck before giving her a final one on the lips. After she did that she stepped back and walked back around to get her bottle of wine.

Still pretty sure that everything was okay and that they really did know what they were doing I finally leaned in to put my face to Gina's crotch. Below the surface was this kind of rosy stink of perfume, but it wasn't quite enough to cover up her musky-moosey sex smell, and it probably hadn't been even when she first put it on. Hell, you can swim in perfume if you want, but you stink from the inside, and once someone gets their tongue up your pussy they know what you really smell and taste like no matter what you try to use and cover it up.

Well I felt Gina twist and could hear her let out a little sigh as I went straight for her clit. I wanted her to be impressed whether it would really matter to their little game or not. I worked and gently squeezed her little pearl between my teeth. Then I went to work with my tongue. I started working her with my favorite technique, tonguing her clit and then sticking it up her pussy hole each time I was about to stop and take a breath.

It wasn't too long before Gina sat up and dug her fingernails into my shoulders. "Stop a minute," she panted. I could tell that I already gettin' her close to the edge.

"Good enough for you?" I decided to ask.

She huffed out a breath. "You're not getting off that easy," she told me. I could tell she wanted to stretch things out a little bit. Not for her own benefit, mind you, but for the sake of the game, and probably to make Twila

have to wait a little bit longer. She scooted herself back from me a little bit. "Get your clothes off, Dee."

So it looked like Deidre was gonna get to play after all.

I turned and watched her from where I was kneeling by the bed. She worked to peel off her tight shirt, and just like I guessed her titties weren't all that big at all, it was just she was trying to make them look big by putting on a shirt that was at least a size too small for her. They were a pair of little perkies though, with pink nipples that looked about the same shade as Twila's. Next she peeled her jeans off to reveal that she wasn't wearing panties and that she kept her pussy shaved too. Her lips were stretched and pouty, not quite where mine are, but I had the idea she was probably working on it.

"Twila, go suck on Dee's tits," Gina said. I watched as the big blonde gal got up and did like her girlfriend told her to. Then Gina put her fingers under my chin and directed me to tilt my head up. "Kiss me."

I sat up a little more on my knees to reach up to where she was sitting. I'd have to say that our second kiss was a lot heavier than our first. She put a hand to my face and pushed me back after a little bit. Then she took a breath and sighed. "I love the taste of my pussy in your mouth, whore." Yeah, just like me she gets hot from tasting her pussy off of someone else. "Do it again."

So we kissed again, and Gina really started going to town in my mouth with her tongue. When she stopped and pushed me back this time she looked over to where the other two gals were standing. "Does that make you jealous, Twila?"

She stopped licking and kissing the other gal's nipples and looked to us with her big and bright eyes. "No, ma'am," she replied in her meek little voice.

"Liar," Gina said, pushing me back lower. "Stop sucking Dee's tits and get over here." With her head lowered Twila did as she was told, stepping up to the foot of the bed. "Start eating me again." I lowered my head back down and put my face to her slit and went back at it. "Dee."

"Yeah?" I heard Deidre ask.

"Come over here and stick your tongue up this old whore's asshole."

"Eh, gross," the other gal complained.

"Get your fucking ass over here and do it, you stupid slut," Gina told her. "You're the one that picked her out." She paused for a second and sighed, leaning back a little so she could get enough balance to be able to

grind her hairy pussy against my face. "Besides, Twila helped her take a bath. You helped her was her dirty old crack real good, didn't you, baby?"

"Yes, ma'am," Twila replied, just above a whisper.

"Get over here and rim her ass, or I'm going to kick your dead ass later," Gina said, her tone a little more demanding.

A second later as I was lapping my tongue against Gina's clit I felt Deidre's hands on my ass, pushing the cheeks apart. I let out a breath over the other gal's bush and a tingle went up my spine as I felt the tip of her tongue touching around my pucker hole. Finally, my ass was gonna get some attention after all. I hadn't been thinking about a rim shot, but a tongue up the ass sure does feel good every now and then.

After a little bit she had my hole slicked up enough to get an inch or so of her tongue inside. I took a breath and decided to make it a chain by going down and slipping my own tongue up Gina's pussy hole. Then I shifted around and worked a hand up. I felt around her sweaty bush until I found the top of her lips with my fingers, then followed the trail around until I could put a finger on her clit. As soon as I found her button I pressed my face against her, getting a much of my tongue as I could into her while pressing down and rubbing her clit at the same time.

"Oh, baby!" Gina yelled. "Yes!" Her body tensed up and she lifted her leg up and put it on my shoulder, squeezing my head between her calves as a hot gush sprinkled my face. Then she ground herself hard against me and squeezed harder as she sprinkled me with another hot squirt that sent some salty-sweet juice across my tongue.

When Gina finally relaxed and opened her legs to take them off me my face was slick with sweat, mine and hers, and her pussy juice. I was hot and sticky for all of a second, but as soon as the air in the room had a chance to get to me my face and neck turned cold. Deidre moved back, taking her tongue out of my ass and standing up. I could see that Gina was bent back with Twila kneeling over her, kissing her deeply and playing with her tits. Then I got up too, deciding to take a second to catch my breath.

Well, after a minute it looked like Gina and Twila were getting wrapped up in what they were doin'. They both moved and shifted around on the foot of the bed until finally Twila was on her back with Gina over her. Gina had her legs open as wide as she could while her girlfriend fumbled around and fingered around her pussy lips. For a minute it seemed like they had forgot about everyone else. Then Gina cut her eyes over to me as she made a fuck face as Twila finally put a couple of fingers into her nice and

deep. “Don’t just stand there, whore. Eat out Dee’s asshole until we’re done.”

Deidre had been a little squeamish about giving, but it didn’t look like she had any problem with receiving. She stepped right up to the bed and laid herself down on the stomach at the edge with her ass and legs hanging over the side. I moved up behind her and got back down on my knees. I put my hands on her moons and spread her ass cheeks wide. Then I leaned in close and gave her a lick from the bottom of her pussy lips and up her crack until I felt the little rosebud of her hole.

That gal’s ass was hot and sweaty, and her insides tasted musky and rank as I worked to get an inch or two of tongue up her. Apparently she was liking what she got because she squirmed and squealed before trying to rock her butt back against my face. I pressed my hands against her a little harder and worked my head up and down a little bit to really get my tongue going in and out of her ass.

Well the next thing I knew was there was hands feeling around close to where I was working on Deidre. I glanced to see that both Gina and Twila had gotten out of the bed and were running their hands over the other gal’s body.

“Stop now and get up,” Gina said.

So I pulled my tongue out of Deidre’s ass and scooted back on the carpet until I had enough room to stand up.

“Turn over and get in the middle of the bed,” she told Deidre.

Well she did what Gina said, and I stood and watched as they got on her like a couple of buzzards on fresh road kill. Twila slipped into bed between her legs and started eating her out and fingering her. Gina stepped up onto the bed and walked over her until she was standing with her shoulders between her feet. Then she squatted down until she could rub her hairy pussy right in Deidre’s face.

“Come on,” Gina told me. “Get over here and suck her tits. Kiss her all over.”

I got in on the pile, kneeling on the bed over Deidre and leaning down to suck her nipples and kiss her titties. I would suck one nipple while pinching the other one. Then I would switch. Then after a minute I started kissing around, first going up to her neck, and then back down. I kissed her tummy and felt her shiver as I ran my tongue around her belly button, licking the sweat off her skin. After that I started kissing lower, making a little trail of quick pecks until I got to the top of her pussy. Twila got lower,

licking around the lips at the bottom end as I slid my tongue in from the top and ran it over her clit as I took one of her nipples and gave it a slow twist.

Well with all three of us working on her it wasn't too long before Deidre was coming. She was moaning, thrashing around between me and Twila as Gina kept grinding her pussy onto her face. Me and Twila licked her pussy and gave it a good cleaning as she simmered down. Gina just kept riding her face, and she didn't let up until she finally leaned her head back and let out a loud and low moan as she got off from riding the other gal's tongue and nose.

Once they was done comin' we all kind of rested to catch our breaths. Me and Twila kind of ended up near the foot of the bed. Gina and Deidre moved up and got comfy cozy and hugged up on top of the pillows, each one of them feeling around on each others' pussies.

"Loosen your corset," Gina finally said.

Without a word Twila shifted up into a kneeling position and reached around to unlace the top of her corset. Once she had it untied she struggled and pulled until it loosened up and hung around her. I pretty much knew it was time for the main event.

Gina looked over to me. "I think I can trust you to be good to my girl now, whore."

I just kind of grinned at her. She definitely knew how good I was now.

"Lay down and open your legs, girl," Gina ordered.

Twila let out a slight moan and laid herself out of the bed, the corset belling out around her body. She raised her legs up and put her feet on the mattress, opening her legs wide to give me a good view of her blonde snatch.

"Now eat her out, whore, and do a good job."

I crawled over to Twila, moving up between her legs. Then I lowered myself on down and put a hand on her crotch, using two fingers to open up her pussy lips. I let a breath out through my nose as I slipped my tongue up her pussy. Unlike Gina and Deidre she tasted sweet and even though she was getting to smell a little musky from all the excitement it wasn't moosey or rank like the other two gals were. She cooed and moaned as I went to work, reaching down and putting a hand lightly on my head.

There was some shifting around above us, followed by some smacking and slurping sounds. The other two wasn't just content to sit there and watch. Sure enough when I came up to get a breath I saw that Gina was back on top of Deidre, but this time she had her head down between her friend's legs so that they could do each other in a 69.

I went back down on Twila, and as soon as I licked my tongue up her pussy lips and then used it to pat at her clit I knew it wasn't going to be too much longer before I got her off. I licked back down and dipped my tongue in and out of her pussy as I moved down toward the bottom of her slit. Her sweet love honey was seepin' out now. I slid my tongue all the way in and lapped my way back up to her clit, savoring every second of her taste. Once I was back at the top I worked her little clit between my lips and started to suck on it as I poked at it with the tip of my tongue.

It wasn't too long before Twila let out a sharp gasp. Then she started whimpering and moaning. I could feel her tense up more as I sucked harder on her clit, really giving it a good tugging between my tongue and lips. I could hear and feel the other two gals shifting around, getting off each other and then slipping off the bed. Suddenly Twila let out a loud cry as she bumped her crotch against my face. I knew she was comin' then so I let go of her clit and moved down to lick all that sweet honey she was making out of her pussy.

"You can stop that now, whore," Gina told me once I was really getting started at licking her clean. When I raised my head up and took a breath I saw that Deidre was standing close by, and she was holding her belt again. Gina moved around to where Twila's head was and leaned down over her. "Was that good, girl?"

"Yes, ma'am." Twila had her eyes closed, and she was slowly moving her head from side to side.

"Better than with me?"

Twila's sparkling green eyes flew wide open. "No, ma'am."

"Fucking liar," Gina spat. She backed up from where Twila was and walked around the bed until she was behind me. She bent down and grabbed a hand full of my hair to pull me up and back from her girlfriend. Well, I got to say that that helped stir up the butterflies some, my clit and nipples coming to life. "Dee."

Deidre stepped around the bed with her belt doubled up in her hand. She stopped over Twila and then hit her across her tits with her belt a couple of times. The sound was quick and loud, but I could tell from the way that she was swinging it there was hardly any force behind it, and like before the beating she was giving Twila with the belt was more for show than to really hurt her.

"Give the whore some too, Dee," Gina said. "She's too good to my girl. Show her ugly ass who's boss."

I got on all fours and stuck my ass up. As soon as she was behind me Deidre hit me on the ass with her belt. Just like I expected, it didn't really hurt, just stung a little bit. Of course you already know I like a good spanking so every time she hit me the more and more it made the butterflies go around. I kind of wished she would have did it just a little bit harder and really got me goin', because she was doing it light enough that I knew if I looked back I probably wouldn't even be able to see a mark where she had hit me.

Of course it just might have been one of those things that could have gotten better, looking back at it now. I had set a time limit for their game, but if they had had all the time in the world I wonder if the spanking Deidre was giving with the belt wouldn't have gotten harder as time went on. I got to tell you that that's the best, when someone starts out giving you a light smack and then build it up harder and harder the longer they do it, which makes me hotter and hotter when they're doing it.

But anyway-.

"Tell me who's boss, you ugly old whore," Gina demanded as she stepped up beside her friend with the belt.

"You are," I said, looking around so that my eyes met hers. I found myself wondering what she was like whenever she was with a guy. It was pretty easy to imagine her as quite the ball buster, but sometimes people that get into S&M act totally different from the way they do when they're playing games or having sex. Hell, I guess it's always possible that she acted just as meek and weak with a guy as Twila acted to her. However something else kind of tells me that Gina was just being Gina, and that was the way she acted all day, every day, no matter what.

She smiled down at me, and I looked right back at her with a knowing little smirk of my own.

"Want me to hit her again?" Deidre asked.

Gina shook her head. "No, I think she's learned her lesson."

Hell, I think if it had been a real long and drawn out scene I wouldn't have learned "my lesson", whatever it was, by then. I'm pretty sure, especially knowing some of the masters and dominatrixes I've messed around with in the past that I wouldn't even have been half-started.

"You go ahead and put your belt up," Gina went on. "For now." She put her hands on her hips as she stood there and looked me over. "I think it's time to get Twila's new 'boyfriend' ready."

Deidre lost her belt and came back up behind me, reaching around so she could undo the rawhide loincloth. While she did Gina slowly ran the tips of her fingers from the small of my back to up my shoulder blade. Then she took the string on my top and pulled on it until it came untied. She put a hand underneath me and pressed it against one of the scallop shells, urging me to get on my knees. Once I was there she took the strings from over my shoulder and helped work it off. The shells were a little stuck to my skin by my sweat, and they had done a real number on my nipples because they felt super hard and super sensitive.

Well once I was naked Gina went over to the other side of the bed and made Twila stand up. She started kissing her and feeling her. Then she turned the bigger gal so that she was standing with her back to her and started working at getting her corset the rest of the way off.

"Stand up, Abbey," Deidre told me.

I slipped back and put my legs down to get my feet on the floor. Then I stood up, the butterflies starting to hum back around in my sensitive spots as I watched Gina kissing and undressing Twila. I was distracted from my watching pretty quick though, as Deidre put her arms around my waist. I looked down to see her adjusting this fat fake pecker in place. As she worked to get the buckles on the harness done I reached down to grab the stiff dildo that was sticking up between my thighs. They had picked a good one too, fat and long, just about the way I like to take them. As Deidre tightened the crotch strap I let out a little sigh.

Once she was finally finished Deidre had went back and got her wine bottle. She stepped around to stand beside me, then she reached down and grabbed that fake pecker and gave it a hard jerk that made the strap up my ass crack dig in enough to make me want to squirm. "Abbey sure has a big cock," she said before taking a swig of her wine.

Gina gave Twila a slight push and motioned for her to get onto the bed. The big blonde gal got onto the mattress and moved until she was kneeling in about the middle of the bed. Then Gina got onto the bed, moving past her and then turning to ease herself with her back against the pillows. She patted a spot beside her, and without a word Twila moved to where Gina was laying and turned around to ease herself against her until her head was resting on Gina's tits.

Then Gina looked to me and raised a hand, motioning to me with her finger. "Come on, whore."

Yeah, it was time for the main event, and I got to admit that I was turned on pretty good from all the messin' around we'd done so far. Even if a lot of it hadn't been spectacular I knew it was kind of the build up to what they wanted me to do with Twila, and of course you know the rule is that the customer has to get off and be happy with it. For me getting off with someone that's paying is just a bonus I get about 90% of the time.

I got onto the bed and crawled up between Twila's legs. She looked at me with her big green eyes stretched wide, doing her best to look weak and innocent. Gina reached up and put her hands on her tits and licked her lips as I crawled up over her girlfriend. Twila let out a little whimper as I took the end of that fake pecker and ran it up and down her pussy lips. I raised my waist up a little and used my hips to push the end of the strap-on across her little blonde nest before I dipped lower and again started running just the tip slowly up and down just inside her pussy lips.

"This is gonna be good," I heard Deidre say from somewhere behind us.

I took a little time, going slow and teasing Twila the way quite of few guys have done to me when I'm dyin' for a hard fucking and they know it and want to drive me crazy. I eased the first inch or so into her real slow and stopped. I guess there's something that makes a woman really feel like she's in charge when she has a strap-on that's strapped on. It's not that I've ever felt really weak around men, but honey once I get a fake pecker around my waist it puts me on another level. I get more aggressive and dominant, even in a scene like the one I was doing where I was supposed to kind of be playing a submissive role. I just feel more powerful, large and in charge, and the gal or guy that's gonna be taking that strap-on pecker better watch out.

Anyway, so there I was, on top of Twila and slowly starting to fuck her like I was a man. I wasn't too sure of what kind of man Gina had in mind for her girlfriend to play with whenever they messed around with a real one, but I was pretty sure she wanted the strong and aggressive type, and since a strap-on sets my mind to goin' that way anyhow that's how I gave it to her. I'm pretty sure that I was doing the trick too, because Twila was moanin' and squirmin', arching her back for Gina to kiss her as I started pumping that fake pecker in and out of her in earnest.

Well I knew that watching the three of us on the bed was getting Deidre hot before I ever looked back to see what she was doing. After all I knew she was standing there naked, and I can tell you that when you're

naked and someone is fucking in the flesh right in front of you that you get hornier than hell. One way or another you just got to join in, even if you only end up playing with yourself.

I looked over to see that Deidre was doing just that. She was still standing at the end of the bed, hunched down a little as she pinched her own nipples with one hand and worked her clit with a finger from the other one. Then when that wasn't enough to do it for her she let out an angry moan and came over and sat down on the edge of the bed beside Gina and Twila. Deidre shifted around until she was about on her side. Then she raised her leg up and took her wine bottle and worked it around until she got it into her pussy. I think it was kind of hot myself, and my blood and butterflies really got to goin' as she closed her eyes and made all sorts of fuck faces as she started to work the bottle neck in and out of her pussy at a regular pace. I went just a little bit faster, working to fuck Twila at the same speed Deidre was fucking herself with the bottle.

Well, in all of this me and Gina was a little left out from getting anything up the old honey hole. But I knew I was about to get something up mine later on either way, and I'm pretty sure at some point Gina would get something big and hard up her pussy too. For her part she seemed pretty content to play with Twila's tits and kiss on her as I drove that strap-on pecker into her at a steady pace.

I gave it to her like that for just a little bit before I decided to switch it up just a little bit more. I reached down and took Twila by the waist and started giving her some deep and quick thrusts. Well, I can tell you that that did the trick, because each time I pounded that fake pecker in her she was moaning out loud and thrashing around. So I grabbed her waist a little bit tighter and arched my back, letting out a little groan of my own as I pounded her even harder. Twila was gasping and panting, a light sweat breaking out on her face. As for me I was starting to get a little sweaty too, despite having had a bath not too long before and the coldness of the room. What can I say? Hot fucking tends to do that to me and about everyone else.

"Yeah, baby, take it," I panted, really not caring whether Gina wanted me to say anything or not. She hadn't said anything one way or another, and pretty much at the moment she seemed pretty content to watch me give her girlfriend a good plowing with that strap-on.

"Ah," Twila panted, twisting a little and bucking her hips up to keep from losing too much of my "pecker" as I pulled back.

"Harder," Gina finally said. "Pound her pussy, whore. Give her that cock good."

Twila's eyes went wide open and she was nodding in agreement.

Well, the big gal did pay, so who was I to refuse? I pulled way back, one of them things you have to guess at when you're doing another gal with a strap-on, because men can do it and not worry about coming out because they can feel, but since you can't feel what a dildo is feeling you have to either look down and see how far to go or just guess. Well, I took a guess, pulling that fake pecker as far as I thought I could without coming out and then pounding it right back in to Twila's pussy and mash the fake set of balls at the base of the shaft between us. She arched her back against Gina and let out a loud moan. So I kept doing it over and over, only slightly picking up the pace because I had a feeling that that was really going to do the trick on her.

Well I got to tell you that watching us must have been doing the trick for Deidre. All the sudden she let out a loud groan and thrashed around as she jammed the neck of that wine bottle as far up her pussy hole as she could get it. I had just enough of a look in her direction to see that she was curling her top lip up and sweating like a pig. It wasn't but a second after that that she was gaspin' and moanin' as she came. As her orgasm passed she laid out and sank into the mattress like she was about to pass out.

Deidre going off was finally enough to help set Twila off too. She started pantin' and moanin' and groanin' until she finally arched up under me on top of Gina and let out a loud fuck scream. Gina took a good hold of her tits as she sputtered and shook, and she was going off so good it almost seemed like it wasn't gonna stop. Then, sure enough, her orgasm passed and she sank back against Gina.

Well, I pretty much felt my job was done, so I slowed my pace down a little at a time and then finally pulled the dildo out of her pussy. I moved off of her and slid to the side of the bed where Deidre was laying and hung my legs over the edge. Then I took a second to catch my breath before feeling around and undoing the strap-on.

"Was that good?" Gina finally asked after Twila had had a chance to catch her breath.

"Yes, ma'am," Twila gasped with a big loving look on her face as she looked back to her girlfriend.

"Did you really love it?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did."

Gina reached up and felt her chin, and then ran her fingers through her sweaty hair. "And are you going to do better and not be as nervous the next time I bring a guy over to fuck you?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," Twila told her in a little girl voice. "I won't be nervous like before." She moved from side to side, kind of snuggling onto the other gal. "Thank you, mistress. I love you."

"Well, don't thank me just yet," Gina told her. "Wait until after you get your reward for taking it like a good girl." She arched her back and urged Twila to get off of her. Then she rolled to the other side of the bed and slid out. She walked around the bed and put her hand out to help Deidre to get up and out of bed. "Get in bed with her, whore," she told me.

So I slipped my legs around and rolled over, crawling up to where Twila was laying.

Once Deidre was on her feet good she got all hugged up with Gina and they started kissing, getting' real close so they could squeeze their titties together. Gina whispered something to her and Deidre nodded. She let go of her and went to find her jeans, and once she did she dug into one of the pockets and got her car keys out. She tossed them to Gina, and Gina turned and tossed them onto the night stand by the bed.

"We're going to go out for a ride," Gina said as Deidre started looking around for her panties. "You have some fun now, Twila. Then you can take Dee's car and drop the old whore off wherever she needs to go after you're done with her."

"Yes, ma'am," Twila said. "Thank you, ma'am."

"It's because I love you, baby," Gina told her.

"I love you too, ma'am," Twila told her.

We just laid there on the bed and watched as the other two gals got their clothes together and got dressed. Of course they was puttin' on their own little show, kissin' and playing grab ass in between getting this and that on. Then they walked out holding hands, leaving the room to just me and Twila.

Once they had been out of the room a minute she moved closer to me and kissed me on the lips. She got real close, her titties squeezing against mine, so I slipped my arms around her and held her close. "That was really good," she said, sounding a little breathless once she broke off and pulled back a little.

"I aim to please," I told her. And like I said before I always try to do just that. My shoulders gave a little jerk as she put a hand between my legs

and ran her finger around my pussy lips until she found my clit.

"It is okay if I call you Abbey, right?" she asked.

"Sure," I said.

"This has been one of the most exciting days of my life," she told me.

"I'm happy for you then."

Twila had a huge and shit eating grin on her face that just seemed to get bigger and bigger by the second. "I want to give you some pleasure now."

"Well, I ain't got no problem with that," I told her. Like I said, getting pleasure for me while working is a bonus. Yeah, a pretty welcome bonus!

Twila got up on her hands, then she started to move her way down my body and toward the foot of the bed. I raised my knees up and opened my thighs wide so that she could get to where I knew she was going. I felt her breath along my inner thighs and that was enough to make me squirm just a little bit. Looking down all I could see was the blonde of the top of her head as she worked to get on down in there. I closed my eyes as I felt her tongue go slowly up from the bottom of my pussy and all the way up to my clit. She tagged it with her tongue and got the butterflies stirred up. Then she raised her head up and took a breath. "Do you like that?"

I reached down and put my hand on top of her head and gave her a slight push. "Oh, I fuckin' love it, darlin'." I raised my ass up and bumped my pussy lips against her nose. "Come on and do me."

She opened her mouth up and stiffened her tongue, sliding it right up my twat. Twila was good. She was really damn good. I flexed my fingers in her hair and moaned as she moved her tongue back up and started using it to bump my clit again and liven up the butterflies even more. Twila seemed to know everything there was to do. For only being 19 she sure was an expert at eating pussy. I was wondering if it was Gina or Deidre that had taught her, or if maybe it was another gal all together.

Oh, well. Whoever taught her I got to say I'm a little thankful to them. Twila really got an orgasm building up in me, the first real good one I had since I was in the shower that morning. I'm pretty sure you know that no matter how good you can make yourself feel there ain't nothin' like getting' off when you got someone else to help you do it.

Twila went down and kissed me right on the pussy. Then she kissed and nibbled my pussy lips all the way up before taking her tongue and running it around and around my clit. The butterflies started going really wild in my clit and my stomach and my nipples. My legs drew up and I

lifted my feet off the mattress as Twila sucked my clit between her lips and really started giving me head. As she went to town the butterflies started to explode, blowing up all over the place and makin' me let out a loud moan. I moved my head back and forth, moanin' and groanin' and just trying to keep from outright screamin'.

Twila raised her head up for a minute and took a breath about the time my orgasm had started to pass. There was sweat on my lips that I licked up as I moved my head back and forth as I reached up and started twisting my own nipples. Twila put a hand on my crotch and felt around, and I know she could feel that my comin' had made me start leaking out juice pretty good. I sighed, trying to relax as she went down and slowly started licking it off in long strokes of her tongue.

Well after that we laid together on the bed for a little bit, both us relaxing on the sweaty sheets. I was propped up and smoking an American while Twila took a catnap with her head resting on my tits. I imagine if the situation was a little more different, that it had been one on one and I had lots more time, that I could have stayed there all night and done a lot more girl on girl lovin' with Twila.

But I had an appointment. At least a semi-serious one. And since it was one I was looking forward too I sure wasn't gonna miss out unless I had to. I mean I could have missed out. I could give Moe his money back and he'd be okay with it, no problem. But even if things were different there was no way I'd ever trade in doing a bunch of horny studs for playing around with another gal any day.

Once I was done with my cigarette I got out of bed and got dressed. My purse was sitting on the kitchen counter and a quick look I had took into it when I got my cigarettes back out was long enough to do a quick count and make sure all the money I had made so far was still in it. Twila had gotten on a white tank top and a pair of Bermuda shorts while I got dressed. Before we got ready to go out she picked up the jungle girl bikini and handed it to me. "I want you to have this."

"Shit," I said. "I got all sorts of bathing suits I never wear." I had always wanted one, like I said. But Momma always said that it wasn't polite to just take gifts from people when it wasn't your birthday or Christmas without refusing first. She felt like you should only take something someone

was offering you when they insisted you did, so I tried to keep abiding by that rule.

"But I want you to have it," she pressed on. "Really."

I took it from her and started to roll the bottom up so I could fit it in my purse. "Now, Gina ain't gonna get mad at you or anything is she?"

With a smirk on her face Twila shook her head. "I bought it with my own money, and I want you to have it."

I kind of smiled. It seemed to me that Twila was using her own money to buy a lot of stuff, and it kind of made me wonder how much the other two gals were investing in their little slumming trip to the beach.

So I unzipped my purse and put the bikini in, already wondering if maybe I would wear the top with some leopard print bottoms I had so it would be decent enough to wear at the beach while I was on vacation. I have gotten quite a few gifts from customers over the years, but this was the first time I had ever gotten one from another gal. It's one of them things that lets you know when your services have been really appreciated, because usually you never end up with anything extra, especially with a first timer or if it's a onetime deal.

Well, we went out and took the stairs along the outside of The Periwinkle to get down to the parking lot. It was a little cold inside the Mustang with the top down, and the sky was getting dark. There was that little chill in the air that you can only seem to feel in your shoulders, which is one of those signs that it's going to rain that's kind of particular to living near the beach. Of course when you live as close to the beach as I do you come to expect at least a little rain almost every day.

I only had Twila drive me down to the Big Pride in Ormond Beach, which was just about a mile down the road. There's a trolley stop in front of the plaza, and it was about a quarter after seven, so I knew I had about 15 minutes before the next trolley. I had lost more time than I had expected, but I was sure that I still wouldn't be too late gettin' to Moe's get together. After all I pretty much knew that he wasn't expecting the kind of fun that he was inviting me for to start right off the bat.

I lit an American as Twila drove off. Then I quickly killed off two more after that so I could finish up the pack and get the fresh one ready before heading off to the "party". Once the trolley got there I paid my fare and walked back to the back and sat by one of the open windows. I did the old breath in my hand trick before the trolley took off, just to see what it was like since I hadn't had a chance to brush my teeth since I'd left my trailer.

Yeah, I kind of laughed to myself. My breath smelled like cigarette smoke and pussy. I knew that would get the attention of the next guy that fucked me. Pussy on a woman's breath is something that guys think is a real turn-on.

Plus on top of that I had had my bath while I was at The Periwinkle, so I had the smell of cock and cum off me. I was sure I smelled like sex though. I know most gals want to be all clean and pretty when they start messing around with a guy, but truth be told most guys like a woman to be all sweaty and smell like they're ready for sex when they're wantin' to get it on.

Well, on my ride from Ormond Beach back to Sunny Beach I was pretty sure I fit the bill.

It was right at a quarter after eight when I got off the trolley, right back at where I had got on earlier to ride up to the Boardwalk. I had made pretty good time, so I walked casually to The Seaside, smoking the first American out of my new pack on the way. I got into the second building's elevator when I got there, and I got to tell you that both the elevators at The Seaside are always sweltering hot and smell like sun tan lotion. But anyway, I didn't have any company as I rode it up to the fifth floor. Since I didn't have a key I couldn't ride it all the way up to the sixth floor. So I got out and took the stairs the rest of the way up to the penthouse floor.

I knocked on the door that Moe had put on the paper he had given me earlier. There were only two penthouses on each floor at The Seaside anyway, so it would have been hard to go wrong, even if I didn't have a good memory for directions put on papers that I usually glanced over once. There was the slight thump of music coming from inside the room as I waited for it to open. I'm pretty sure, though, that anyone else that might happen to come along and by the door would probably have no idea how wild the little get together inside really was.

I waited for about half a minute and was about to knock again because I thought that that maybe no one could hear me over the music. Just as I raised my hand back up to knock the door opened, and the smell of cigar and marijuana smoke hit me right in the face as the sound of Gang Starr singing *'Mass Appeal'* shot up to a louder level as it came to an end and was replaced with Public Enemy's *'911 Is A Joke'*. The guy that opened the door

had both his top teeth capped in gold and was wearing his hair in braids that just came about to his shoulders. He flashed his grin a little bit wider, his eyes hidden by a pair of shades. "You must be Abbey," he said.

"I sure am," I told him, taking a second to look him up and down. He was wearing baggy jeans and a tight white tank top that almost looked like it was glowing against his deep black skin. It was almost no wonder that he was wearing shades inside.

"Come on in," he invited. "Hey, Moe, your girl is here!"

As soon as I walked in I could see that the party was a little bigger and a little more varied than any of the other ones I had been to that Moe had thrown together. A short and slim black gal with mocha colored skin and dressed in a leopard print blouse that was open all the way to show off her little titties walked past, with fat Mexican looking man in a Hawaiian print shirt and white shorts following behind, no doubt heading to one of the penthouse's back bedrooms. Then over on the couch I saw this Oriental gal with long and straight hair sitting in nothing but a lacy black bra and panties. Beside her was a white guy with a scraggly beard and bushy looking brown dreadlocks in a Salty Dog t-shirt and Spandex shorts that didn't leave all too much to the imagination about the size and length of his pecker. Moe was sitting at a table by the sliding glass door with four other black guys, playing a card game of some sort, still dressed in the same thing I had seen him in earlier, derby hat and all.

I walked over to the table and stood, aware that the guy who had let me in was following along close by. At a glance I could tell that the bald guy that was sitting closest to me didn't have shit for a hand if they were playing poker. In the middle of the table was a pot of big bills and an ashtray. The guy sitting beside the guy whose hand I could read shifted in his seat and held up a fat and smoldering joint. "Want a hit off this?"

"Not right yet," I told him. I'm not a prude when it comes to drinking and having a little pot or something, but I like to keep my head pretty much clear when business is going on. Plus I stay away from bad drugs. Yeah, I know what they tell the kids on TV, that there's no such thing as a good drug, but I think that there's some that's worse than others.

Pot is one of them things I get into every so often. I even get a dime bag every other month or so. It's a pretty good relaxer on your day off. I also keep a little supply of pep pills, and always have one or two in my purse, but I use those when I'm done for the day and want to make sure that I stay awake on my way to get home. I've done acid a few times, with this

couple that I've been doing S&M scenes with for a long time, and so far have only went on one really bad trip when we've done it. Then every once in a great while I'll do a line or two with some of the other gals from the trailer park when we all have a off night and are gonna go out partying.

Other than those occasional lines I try to never do a lot of coke, and I avoid crack like the plague. Angel dust, crack and crank. They're the real bad shit. I've seen girls get hooked on crack to the point where they would sell their pussy for rocks rather than money. That shit really turns them into zombies. I like to think that I got more sense than to get into any real bad shit, and the only time I ever tried anything out of the ordinary it was this stuff this guy I was going with for a while said was bazuko, which was supposed to be some really bad shit, but I couldn't tell that it did anything from the one time I tried it.

"Okay, everyone, this is Abbey," Moe said after taking a puff off a cigar he had clenched in his teeth that was pretty well chewed and smoked about halfway down. He introduced everyone at the table with a nod, then the guy who had answered the door, the pair on the couch, and the couple that had went down the hall (though he claimed that we probably wouldn't be seeing them for the rest of the night). Funny thing is even though I didn't see any more of them they're the only ones whose names I actually remember. The gal was Roxiene and the guy was Big Teddy. All the rest of them I forgot their names almost as soon as Moe introduced them, so I gave them names of my own so I could keep track of them in my head. The guy that had let me in was Shades. The bald guy with the apparently bad hand was Baldy. The one that offered me the hit was Smokey. The guy between him and Moe was tall and thin with no meat on his bones, so he became Skinny. The one on Moe's other side, between him and Baldy was probably bigger than Santa Claus, so of course I named him Fatty. The white guy on the couch I named Dreds. The Oriental gal beside him I decided to name Oriental Gal.

"So, how's business been today, girl?"

"Been a little slow," I said. "But I think it's about to get a whole lot busier."

Well that made the guys at the table bust out laughing and give a couple of whoops.

I opened my purse and fished out my Americans as I walked around the table to where Moe was. Shades stayed where he was, but I had the feeling he was giving me a real looking over as I walked to the other side.

Moe looked to me and took his cigar out of his mouth, so I bent down and gave him a quick kiss. He had a huge smile on his face as I stood back up. "Is that pussy on your breath?"

The other guys at the table started laughing again, and Skinny yelled, "Damn!" which came out as *dayum*.

I just gave a smirky smile before I lit my cigarette.

"Man you said she was the life of the party," Smokey added.

"Oh, that she is," Moe agreed with a nod, running a finger along the brim of his hat. "That she is."

Well the Poker game, it turns out it was Poker, lasted long enough for me to have two cigarettes. Young MC was on the CD changer by then singing *'Bust A Move'* and I was slightly moving along with it, and getting glances from all the guys at the table, especially Shades, Smokey and Fatty. There were quite a few "Aws" and "Mans" when Fatty finally laid a full boat out on the table to beat everyone else's hands and claim the pot for himself.

"Well, not that we're done with business," Moe said as he sat his smoldering cigar in the ash tray and got up from the table. He stepped around behind me and put a hand on my bare belly and gave it a rub. "Let's get down to the pleasure!"

Fatty cocked his head and cracked a grin across his pudgy face as he worked to straighten out his winnings. "You ain't gonna be the first one to get that pleasure today, nigger."

"Damn!" Skinny yelled again as everyone else at the table roared with laughter. "You gonna take that shit, nigga?"

"Nope," Moe said, as he felt up and untied my halter. He pulled it open and I moved with him so he could get it off my shoulders. Then he reached up and cupped my tits from behind as I undid my shorts and pulled the zipper down. "But I'm gonna take this shit first."

Well, my smirky grin went a little wider as the other guys laughed and whooped again.

Smokey stood up and unzipped his pants as I worked my shorts down until they were just past my hips. He pulled his pecker and gave it a shake. He was half-hard, a good eight inches with pink and round head on the end. "I hope big dicks don't scare you, baby."

"No," I told him. Moe took a hand off one of my tits and slipped it in between my cut offs and my pussy, giving the shaven mound a rub that was enough to get the butterflies moving. "Let me know when you find one."

"Damn!" Skinny yelled again as the others started laughing. Smokey looked as if he could just crawl into a hole as he looked down at his pecker and then put it away.

"She thinks you got a little dick," Baldy laughed.

"Stupid, dumb shit ass, nigga," Shades chuckled.

"She got you, nigger!" Fatty laughed. "She got you!"

Moe took his hands off me and stepped back a little bit. I put my hands behind me to my hips and then squatted and bent to get my shorts the rest of the way down. I grabbed them as I stepped out of them, and when I straightened back up to stand in front of that room full of horny guys dressed in nothing but my red tennis shoes they started whooping and carrying on again. I smirked real big at them, doing it so big this time that I had to twitch my nose. Opening my lips a little I let that smirk turn into a smile as I leaned forward and dropped my cut-offs toward the middle of the table where the card game's pot had been.

"No panties!" Baldy yelled.

I turned to face Moe and we started kissing, real dirty and sloppy with our tongues, as I reached between us and started to unbutton his shirt. The butterflies were doing laps around my stomach as I took in his smells: the cigar smoke, his cheap cologne, his sweat and the moosey smell of his musk. When I was done with the buttons we kept on kissing as he worked to get his shirt off his shoulders. Then I reached down and unhitched his belt and undid his pants. Once they was unzipped I let gravity do the rest and broke off on kissing him as I knelt down to help him out of his shoes and step out of his pants, pretty aware that I was nose level with his hard pecker, and with nothing but a pair of lavender boxers between us.

Well I knew I had everybody's attention because it was silent except for Young MC's song finishing up. I slowly made my way back up Moe's body. Yeah, I know I told you he ain't a muscled up hunk like Saul, but he damn sure does something for me, especially with that hat on. I don't know, maybe you'd call it a fetish, but I think it'd be a damn sure funny one. The butterflies was bumping at my clit and nipples a little as I stood in front of him in nothing but my shoes and him in nothing but his hat and boxers and the gold chain around his neck.

I reached up and put a hand on his sweaty pecs, as he reached to push his boxers down. At about that time 2Pac started singing *'Holler If Ya Hear Me'* from the stereo's speakers. Moe licked his lips and let his boxers slowly slide down on their own after he had them to his calves. I looked down between us to see his pecker standing straight up and as stiff as a board. With my grin on my face I reached down and grabbed it just below the top of the shaft, watching as I worked the skin slowly down to reveal his glistening purple dickhead.

"Yeah, you gonna get on that thing, Abbey?"

I licked my own lips as I gave him a couple of rough and quick strokes. "You know it, honey," I told him. "But I think that the winner deserves a little something first," I added, glancing over to where Fatty still sat at the table.

Of course you know that was enough to get the other guys whooping and hollerin'.

"Mmmm, by all means," Moe said, reaching down to rub my ass. "But just give him a sample, okay." There was a big and toothy grin on his face as he looked over to where his friend sat. "He's got a lot of my money now, so I think you should leave him with blue balls until after I get through with you."

We let go of each other and I sauntered the short distance between where we were and where Fatty was still sitting at the table. Shades had come around and took Moe's seat, and Baldy and Skinny were kind of half standing to make sure that they could get a good view. Fatty shifted himself and his seat around to face me. Then he lifted himself up enough to take down the pair of shorts he was wearing. He took his pecker out. It was just a little longer than five inches, but it was nice and thick with a fat head.

"Who's got a little dick now, nigga?" Smokey called.

I kind of chuckled as I squatted down in front of Fatty and grabbed the base of his shaft to give it a stroke. "What's the matter? You should know lots of us gals like them a hell of a lot bigger around than yours by now."

Well that got them all laughing again.

"Man, just fuck yourself, nigger," Fatty said, glancing back at Smokey. "Just play with your dick under the table like always."

That one was enough to get Moe to let out a big laugh that caused all the others at the table to laugh louder.

I moved to get firmly down on my knees. Then I raised up and lowered myself back down so I could take Fatty's pecker in my mouth. He

tasted super moosey-musky, hot and sweaty. I took a couple of inches in and went back up.

"You gonna have to get that thing off by you'self anyway," Smokey was saying as I went down to take another inch in my mouth before going back up his shaft. "She's just gonna give you blue balls anyway."

"Yeah, least I got balls to get blue, bitch," Fatty groaned as I went all the way down, taking every inch until my chin was pressed against his balls.

"Damn," I heard Skinny whisper this time.

"Look at that shit," Baldy said.

"She loves suckin' that dick," Shades added as I started to go to town.

"Yeah, she sucks good," Fatty sighed. "Yeah, suck that dick, baby."

I was breathin' through my nose and playing my tongue along the underside of his shaft each time I came back up. I jerked up and down on him enough to make my tits start bouncing around, and that just started making me hornier to get more. I slid my knees just a little further apart to make my lower half look more appealing. I was hoping that Moe, or maybe one of his other friends might come on up and put a pecker in me while I was sucking Fatty.

"Yeah, Abbey loves to suck dick," Moe said. "And she loves to get a hard black dick in her pussy and her ass too."

I groaned on Fatty's pecker as I heard this. The butterflies were beating up a real stir now in my insides. I was wondering how many of his friends I was gonna get to play with, and kind of secretly hoping that Roxiene and Oriental Gal wouldn't help me out. I went down quick, roughly getting his pecker down my throat and making him let out a loud and hissy sounding groan. The song switched to Naughty By Nature's *'Hip Hop Horary'* and that made the guys around the table suddenly whoop and laugh.

"Oooh, they playin' your song now, baby," Smokey laughed.

I moved my head back up and let Fatty's pecker slip out of my mouth as I grabbed the shaft and stroked it. "Damn straight," I said, which made them whoop and laugh louder. Then I leaned down and licked my tongue around and around Fatty's dickhead. That got him to breathing hard and squirming in his seat.

"Yeah, lick that dick, baby," Shades called.

"God, damn," Fatty groaned in a hiss as I put my mouth right over the head and just sucked it as hard as I could. I stopped to take a breath in through my nose, then I did it again. I did this a few more times before I felt

a hand on my ass that sent a tingle up my spine and the butterflies to my nipples and my clit.

"Okay, that's good for now, Abbey," I heard Moe say.

I let Fatty's pecker slip out of my mouth. Then I smiled up to him before putting my hands on his knees to help me get up as I stood up. Once I was on my feet I felt Moe's hand on my arm, and I stepped along as he started to walk away from the table, guiding me to toward the penthouse's ocean view master bedroom.

"You're gonna fuck this nigger's dick before you get out of here tonight," Fatty called after us.

I looked back over my shoulder and gave a wink and a sly smirk. "Honey, I damn sure hope so."

Well of course you know that really got all Moe's friends at the table to whoopin' and hollerin'. He kind of laughed along as he lead me into the room, not bothering to close the door behind us. He let go of my arm and walked over to sit on the edge of the bed, his stiff pecker still standing straight up. I followed him right on over, stopping between his knees and lowering myself down.

Looking back out of the corner of my eye was enough to show me that our audience had followed along to watch. Dreds was standing in the doorway with Oriental Gal pressed close to him and in front of him. I could clearly see Smokey and Shades right behind them. The rest of the faces were a blur, but I was pretty sure they was all there.

I looked up at Moe with a huge smile. Then I grabbed the shaft of his pecker up near the top again and pulled the foreskin off the head. I bent forward as I brought it up to my face, my eyes turned right up to lock on Moe's dark brown ones as I gave the head a pair of light kisses. He moaned and sighed, "Damn, Abbey," as I lightly ran my lips along his veiny shaft, about halfway down and then back up. "Get it wet, baby. Get it wet."

I got a little higher on my knees as I slid my hand the rest of the way down his shaft to his balls. Then I opened up and took him in my mouth, slowly jacking the shaft in whatever space I had between my lips and his balls as I went to town on him. Of course Moe didn't let me suck on him for too long. After a minute he reached down and put his hand on my forehead, signaling me to stop. "Come on and get up here."

I could hear Warren G and Nate Dogg singing *'Regulate'* as Moe got to the center of the bed and laid back against the headboard. I glanced to the sliding glass door of the master bedroom but dark was all that I could see

through the window that wasn't reflecting the glare of the light that was coming in from the other room. I slowly crawled over his body, realizing I still had my shoes on. Moe's hat was cocked on top of his head so much that I knew it wouldn't take too much to make it come off.

I put my hand back on his sweaty and hairy pecs before leaning close to give him another soft kiss on the lips. I was over him now so I lowered myself down some, then I rolled my ass back until I could feel his hard pecker against my ass crack. "Why don't you turn around, Abbey," Moe suggested in a whisper. "Give 'em a real good show."

Giving Moe a wink and a laugh and I smile I rolled off him. Then I stood up on the bed and moved around, doing my best not to fall over as I put a foot on each side of him. Then once I was in place I started to squat down, reaching between my legs until I found his pecker. I moved my waist around as I held onto the top of Moe's pecker. Then once I had squatted down low enough I touched the foreskin to my pussy lips, before peeling it back off the head and slipping it between them wet lips. I closed my eyes and sighed as I squatted down a little more to take most of Moe's long pecker up my pussy. Then I reached down to rub the tips of my fingers over my clit and the first exposed little bit of Moe's pecker before I started to slowly grind on it.

"Yeah, ride that dick, baby," Moe sighed.

"God, damn," Skinny said from the door.

"Look at that shit," Shades added in a lusty voice that sounded like it was coming from a dry mouth.

I opened my eyes and grinned real big as I really started squatting up and down on Moe's pecker. I had butterfly tingles in my nipples that felt like little bites. Going down on Moe's black bone as far as I could I widened my grin at his other guests before making a fuck face. Then I looked down and saw that long snake sliding out of my pussy, and watching his black meat sliding between the folds of my white pussy lips was enough to make me juice and cry out a little as my insides clamped down on him as I squatted back down.

"Damn," Skinny said loudly.

"Look at how wet that pussy is," Fatty added.

My eyes were wide open and I was looking right at them as I rode Moe's shaft back up, reaching up and hugging my tits to me in the crook of one arm. Going back down again I had to squeeze my eyes shut and let out a big gasp as I juiced all over Moe's pecker again. He bucked up as I just

started to ride his shaft up again, driving the head of his pecker right to the bottom and making me throw my head back and cry out loudly as I juiced even more all over him.

"You love riding that nigger dick?" Fatty called out.

"You damn straight," I hissed back, keeping my eyes closed as I quickly began riding Moe's pecker up and down.

"Yeah, yeah," Baldy called.

Opening my eyes I saw that Dreds and Smokey now had their pants to their knees and Oriental Gal was stroking their peckers and licking their heads. That seemed to have Shades's attention for the moment, and he was trying to make his way into the doorway while getting his fly down. Everyone else seemed intent on watching me, so I arched my back and grabbed my left tit hard, squeezing on it like I was trying to milk a cow as I kept on riding Moe's pecker up and down at a fast pace.

Well it wasn't too long before I felt Moe put his hands on my waist to hold me in place. He told me to get on down, and I was more than happy to, because you can only squat on a guy's pecker for so long before it gets to be uncomfortable. We kind of switched places, me laying down and him getting up over me. I could hear the rest of them murmuring at the door, but I couldn't tell what any of them was sayin'. Moe got up on his knees and reached up to straighten up his hat. Then he grabbed my feet, his palm against the bottom of each shoe, and lifted my legs up. I panted and gave him a hot smile as I took my middle finger and put it on my clit, moving it around in a big circle.

"You ready to really get this hard dick, Abbey?" Moe asked.

"Mmmm, you fuckin' know I am, honey," I told him, doing my best to sound hot and seductive and coy and innocent all at the same time.

Well all his friends was still talking in hushed voices as he pushed my legs up and moved in closer. He had my legs straight up as far as they would go, moving his hands from the bottom of my shoes to my calves. Moe then moved himself around into position and ran his slick pecker up and between my pussy lips. The head bumped my clit, and that was enough to make me juice a little more, the butterflies exploding all over, before he shifted his waist to reposition himself and sink that big black snake right into my hole.

I thrashed around, getting sweaty and panting and huffin' as Moe started to give me a hard and quick pounding with his pecker, driving his head all the way to the bottom each time he slammed it home. I moaned and cried out, more butterflies exploding as my titties got to going and the hairs

on Moe's balls kept brushing my ass. "Yeah, that's it!" Moe said, slowly and loudly. "Come. Come on that dick, Abbey."

"Mnnnnnn, yeah," I cried as he rocked a big one out of me. My pussy tried to clamp down and hold on to his big and black pecker as electric bolts went through my nipples and clit. I let out a loud groan like a cow bellar as I juiced forcefully all over his pecker.

"Yeah," Moe groaned. "You know how fuckin' hard that juicy pussy makes it to hold back?"

"Mm-Don't hold back," I begged. "Just let me have it."

With a grunt he raised up and then pushed my legs up as far as they would go. I bent them and made him shift his hands as I he got my knees to about my shoulders. He was off his knees now, pushing himself up on his feet so he could give it to me faster. As I came a couple of times, juicing all over him and juicing again right on top of it, Moe let out a long growl. "Here it comes!" he shouted.

"Ooohhh, give it to me," I groaned, my eyes rolling back in my head.

"Here it comes!" Moe grunted again. He pulled back about halfway out of my pussy before slamming it all the way to the bottom and letting out a loud groan. I cried out, juicing as I felt his pecker throb, splashing a huge glob of sperm against the deepest part of the inside of my pussy. He groaned again and I shook and shivered as I felt him erupt again. As Moe pulled back I could feel his come making his pecker and the inside of my pussy all slimy slick. After a few more thrusts he pulled out, and I could feel his sticky jizz on my pussy lips and leaking down the crack of my ass.

"Damn, look at that shit," I heard Baldy say.

"Yeah, she's a real mess now," Shades agreed.

I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation of the butterflies beating their wings against my nipples and clit as my orgasm faded and my body started to calm down. I could feel Moe turning over to lay out next to me on the bed. Then I was slightly aware that 95 South was now singing *'Woot, There It Is!'* from the other room.

"Anybody got rubbers?" Smokey suddenly asked.

Well, I couldn't help it. I just ha, ha-ed as everyone else joined in.

"Pussy ass," Fatty said. "Be a real nigger."

I opened my eyes as Moe started to shift around and sit up on the bed. I ran a hand down his sweaty back, and he looked back to me over his shoulder with a smile on his face. Then he touched the brim of his hat and slipped off the bed. I raised my knees up and reached down to my pussy.

Then I dipped two of my fingers inside and got them good and coated with Moe's jism. I could feel a string hanging on as I took my hand back, so I quickly got my fingers to my mouth and slurped his jizz off real loud. YUM! Moe's sperm is always hot and musky, with a taste that just sticks to my mouth and tongue.

"Look at that nasty, bitch," Shades breathed. I opened my eyes to see that Oriental Gal was sucking his pecker deep down as Dreds and Smokey stood a little off dressed in nothing but their t-shirts.

"So who else wants some of the best hooker in Coast County?" Moe asked. He had walked over to the dresser and gotten a fresh cigar out of a box sitting on top of it. He looked at me as he clenched it between his teeth, slightly chomping on it before reaching down and giving his half-hard pecker a rub.

I sighed and squeezed my eyes shut tightly before letting my legs out and stretching out so hard that there was a pop down at my right ankle. Then I opened my eyes and sat up slightly, putting my weight to one side as I propped myself up on my right elbow. "No need to be shy," I invited in a sultry voice that made Moe's grin broaden. "Let's get down and dirty boys."

Well Dreds was the first to take a step, grabbing his shirt and peeling it up and off as he got to the foot of the bed. "Fuckin' I'll give you a try, momma."

I eased myself back until I was propped up on the pillows again. Dreds was still hard from the suckin' that Oriental Gal had put on him, and he had a good seven inches that was nice and fat with a pale pink head to top it off. He got up between my legs and slid it right home between him being rock hard and my pussy full of Moe's sperm.

It's funny, but when you get a lot of guys together to do you and they tend to get unsqueemish real fast. I don't know if it's because it really gets them hot, or if they don't want to look like wimps when they're with their friends, or if it's some other mental thing. Guys do back out sometimes on gang bangs because they don't want to get someone else's jizz on them. But on the other side of the coin I've heard guys bitchin' at their friends at coming inside me before they get their turn that still have no problem slipping their pecker right up in there when it's their time to go.

Dreds closed his eyes and huffed and puffed a little over his first couple of thrust. He reeked of weed and sweat, which smellin' hot and dirty acts as a turn on for me, especially when I'm gettin' shared. He put his

hands on my waist and slowed his pace down as he opened his eyes and looked at me. "That feel good?"

"You ain't done much yet," I smiled back. That was enough to make his friends laugh at him.

His response to that was to really slam his pecker home and grind his balls against my pussy lips. I bucked up and ground against him, letting out a little moan. "Yeah," he panted.

"Mmm-yeah," I sighed. "Now that's more like it."

Dreds gave me a few more hard thrusts. Then he rocked back and slowly pulled himself out and I let out a little frustrated moan. "Who else wants a turn?" he asked as he knelt up between my legs.

"I'll get up that shit before she gets too messy," Smokey spoke up.

I rolled slightly and raised my feet up off the bed as Dreds moved aside and tried to look inviting. "Well, come on then."

Smokey came up to the bed, his shirt already off. Dreds slipped down to the foot and patted it, and I saw Oriental Gal, who now was only dressed in her panties and her bra just hanging off one shoulder by the strap, coming over to join him. The other guys were still at the door, Shades and Baldy with their stiff peckers hanging out, I'm sure because Baldy must have joined in on letting Oriental Gal suck them off.

Well, Smokey got between my legs, and pretty much like Dreds did right before him he slid his hard pecker right up me. He was gasping and sputtering right off. Then he put his hands on my waist and held himself up as he backed a couple of inches out of my pussy. Then he slowly slipped it back in, letting out a hiss.

"Hey, how does Moe's cum feel up in there, nigger?" Fatty called.

"Man, shut the fuck up, fat ass," Smokey called back, looking over his shoulder as he held himself inside. Then he looked back down at me, locking his dark and brown eyes on mine. "I'm gonna give you this black dick real good, baby," he said, doing his best to sound like he was really smooth.

"Well, I'm waiting, honey," I told him with a grin.

Well that was enough to make him a little more determined as the rest of them started laughing again. He held on tight and slowly thrust his pecker up me, making sure the head bumped as deep as Moe had went each time. Well that was enough to get the old butterflies stirring around in my stomach and my nipples again. I closed my eyes and let out a moan. "Yeah, that's more like it," I whispered.

There was some more shifting around on the bed and I heard a female gasp and moan. I kind of glanced around Smokey's shoulder and could see that Oriental Gal was on her knees with the side of her face against the mattress as Dreds really started to give it to her. She let out a loud cry and panted and whimpered as Dreds slapped her ass as he kept on pounding himself in.

Just about then the song coming from the other room switched to Heavy D and the Boyz singing *'A Buncha Niggas'*. Smokey slammed himself all the way in and slowly began to slip his pecker out as far as he could without it coming all the way out. "Oh, sounds like they're really, playing your song now, baby."

I let out a breath and a laugh. "Well, I God damn hope so."

Well that was enough to make Smokey laugh as he kept on giving me them slow and deep strokes. "Damn, you crazy."

"The craziest," I heard Moe say. I looked up and could just see him in the door, still naked except for his hat, and puffing away on his new cigar.

"Mmmm, think you can get this dick in your ass?" Smokey asked as he slipped himself all the way in and rested with his balls against my ass crack.

"Oh, I know I can, no problem," I told him with a sly smile.

Fatty was laughing real loud at him as he pulled his pecker all the way out of me. I started to try and roll over, but he put a hand on my belly and pressed down. "No, baby," he said trying to sound all smooth again. "Don't flip it over. I'm gonna give it to you just like this."

Well that got a big flutter in my stomach and made my ass clench up and tingle. I love anal sex, but I got to tell you it's the hottest when you can lay on your back and just take it like that. Not all guys have the right equipment for it, but when they do I never turn down a request about getting a pecker shoved up my ass while I'm flat on my back.

I did shift over some, scooching so I was kind of laying across the bed so I could get a better view of what else was going on. Right at that moment what was going on was that Dreds was slamming his pecker as far as he could up Oriental Gal's pussy and as fast as he could as he held on to each side of her ass. That sight was enough to bring all the butterflies back to life. I opened my legs up and shifted my ass around as Smokey got back over me and put himself into position.

When he took his pecker in his hand and started to move it around I was doing my best not to bust out laughing at the look of concentration on

his face. After a second I felt his dickhead slipping along in the valley. Then the hard and fleshy head was rubbing my tight rosebud. I let out a breath and let myself relax as he grunted and strained as he forced the head into my asshole. I concentrated on letting go, like if I needed to take a good and healthy shit. Then he slid in, gliding a little along on Moe's leftover cum that had slid down my ass crack.

Once he was in good Smokey opened his eyes. He helped push my legs up as he slowly started working his pecker in and out of my ass. It felt fucking good to finally have a big and hard pecker up there. The little rim job Deidre had given me earlier was just a little appetizer. Each time Smokey pushed that hard pole as far as it would go the butterflies just seemed to make electricity shoot through my asshole and out to my body, making all my sensitive spots tingle.

"Let me get on in there," I heard Moe say after a few minutes of Smokey slippin' in and out of my ass. I looked to see Dreds pull out of Oriental Gal. He slipped off the bed and Moe took his place, his eyes closed and his face was looking like he was straining as he forced his pecker up Oriental Gal's pussy.

Well, once he started to pump himself in an out of her that gal was up on her hands and knees. She was crying out, moaning and whimpering, and I was pretty sure that that was the first time she had ever had a pecker much bigger than Dreds's before. Moe was slamming her good when she lowered her top half down and put her face into the mattress. Then she started moanin' and calling out in whatever language it was she spoke other than English. All I can tell you was that I knew she had to be feelin' good. You know foreign gals are really getting off with a guy when they forget to speak English and start talking whatever tongue it was they grew up with.

I didn't really think all that much on how good Oriental Gal was getting it, because right then Smokey was pretty close to putting me back over the edge. I decided to give him a hand, literally. I reached down between my thighs as he pumped his long old pecker in my ass and started rubbing my clit. I let out a breath and tightened my ass around him to make him gasp out.

Then I felt a shadow moving over me and turned my head up to see that Dreds was getting onto the bed and up over my head. As he squatted down I glanced to the side to see that Oriental Gal was on her back and up on her elbows, sucking Moe's pecker as Fatty crawled between her legs. Then of course my view was obscured as Dreds hung his balls in my face.

He dipped down and put his sweaty and hairy sac to my face. Then he moved around and took his pecker in his hand, turning it to point down.

Well I did the only thing a gal in my position can do. I got up on my elbows and raised my head up, tilting it back, so that Dreds could slide his pecker in my mouth. God damn if that didn't spark off a few more butterflies. Oriental Gal's pussy tasted sweet and musky off his pecker. "Oh, yeah," he moaned as I sucked on him while Smokey picked up his pace just enough to make my tits jiggle.

"Yeah, she sucks a mean dick," Fatty said from the foot of the bed. From the way things were rocking harder and the noises she was making around Moe's pecker I was pretty sure that Fatty was really putting it to Oriental Gal now.

"Yeah, man," Dreds agreed, his breath catching. He tensed his legs and squatted up and down to drive his pecker in and out of my mouth. "Yeah, momma. Suck my cock while you get that black cock up your ass."

Well, you know it's like I said before. Words and harsh words can help do the trick sometimes. I sucked in a breath and groaned around Dreds's meat as Smokey got himself up my ass until I could feel his balls bounce off my moons. I juiced real good and it felt instantly cold as Smokey began to draw back.

"God, damn, this bitch comes like crazy," Smokey panted after a second.

"Gettin' your dick all wet, man," I could hear Moe ask.

"Yeah, man, and I ain't even in her pussy." He drew halfway out and then pushed it back in, picking up his pace a little as I did my best to match it as I sucked Dreds's pecker. Do you know how hard it is to suck a pecker when you're laying on your back with a big pecker up your ass and trying to match speed? Well it ain't easy.

God, I got to laugh at that.

Well anyway, I moaned as Dreds touched his balls to my nose and Smokey picked up the pace he was fucking my ass with. He let out a harsh breath and kind of hissed, and I knew he was about to blow his wad before he even said anything. "Dah-shit," he whispered in a hiss. "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum."

"Yeah, get that shit on her," Dreds told him.

Well the next thing I knew was that Smokey was pulling out of my ass and Dreds was pulling out of my mouth. They were both out within a

second of each other so I took a breath and propped myself up on an elbow as Dreds walked around my back, swaying and standing on the pillows.

"Yeeeeeeh-AAAAAHH!" Smokey groaned as he sat back on his knees, jacking his pecker for all he was worth. He shot out a long glop that landed in a string from my belly button to the crack of my ass. Then he quickly got back down and shoved his pecker right up my pussy. Well I came alive too, getting my legs up and around his waist and pulling him closer as he groaned, shooting more of his cum into my pussy hole. It goes without saying that that was enough sudden excitement to get me off again, fresh sweat breaking out all over as more butterflies exploded and I let out a moan.

"Damn, look at that shit!" Skinny shouted.

As Smokey gasped and panted he moved himself to get my legs out from around him. I said, "Woo," and let out a breath. Smokey was up on his knees and moving back, and I felt and saw Dreds walking around on the bed to get into the place he had been. He squatted down just a little as Smokey looked between his legs. He had a death grip on his pecker and he was strokinn' it for all he was worth. "Now, what you gonna do?" I asked in a mischievous tone.

Dreds squatted down a little more and jerked his pecker a little harder. "I'm about to put this cum all over your pussy," he panted.

Well, I didn't even have a chance to say, "Oh," or anything before Dreds let out a loud groan and shot a big glop of cum right into the gap that Moe and Smokey had made in my pussy hole. I just, "Mmmmm-ed", and cooed as he squatted down a little more and squeezed off about three more big glops of cum into my gaping pussy. He panted and picked up his pace a little more. He wasn't coming a lot, but the force of his jacking made the drops land on my belly and my tits.

Once Dreds milked the last bit of jizz out of his pecker things calmed down for about half a second. The other guys were talking, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. I looked down at the foot of the bed to see that Moe was sitting on the edge while Fatty kept on fucking Oriental Gal at a medium pace. Oriental Gal herself had her attention on me. Things were quiet enough for me to hear Cypress Hill singing *'When the Shit Goes Down'* on the stereo in the other room.

Fatty leaned back and pulled out of Oriental Gal's pussy. "Go on up there and lick that up."

Well that put a swarm of butterflies back in my stomach. I shifted around and got back against the pillows and raised my knees up as Dreds and Smokey slipped off the bed. Oriental Gal crawled right to me, and without a word she went right down between my legs and gave a big and sloppy lick from my asshole all the way to my clit. The guys all went wild, really whooping and hollerin' now. Oriental Gal rose up just high enough so I could see her face and a string of spit and cum dangling from the end of her tongue. Then she dropped right down and did it again before really going to town, licking and lapping at my pussy hole and enjoying a little snack of two black guy's and one white guy's cum all mixed together. Fuck, I got to admit I was a little envious.

Well I got to tell you it was almost more that I could take. I closed my eyes and raised my feet up a little bit. Oriental Gal gave a fluttering lick up my gaping pussy hole, then she batted my clit with her tongue. Well that was enough to make me come again. I twisted and cried out real loud as I juiced all over her chin as she moved back down to lick my hole.

As she started to go to town I saw Fatty crawl up behind her, and pretty soon he was fucking her from behind as she licked and jabbed her tongue in my pussy to make me come over and over. I didn't really realize how big he was until I saw him fucking that gal with them both up over me. Yeah he was a good 350 pounds if not more. His body had to be at least three times as wide as hers.

All of the sudden she cried out into my pussy, making me jump. Fatty had slapped her ass. She moved her head up and sucked on my clit hard enough to set me off again as he gave her ass another slap. He was giving it to her hard after that, making me juice over and over because every time he pounded her pussy it made part of her face bump against my pussy. Finally he grabbed her by the hair and yanked her back, making her cry out real loud. "I think it's my turn now."

Well I felt just a bit shaky as I moved back and worked to prop myself up a little bit more on the pillows. Baldy and Skinny were pulling Oriental Gal to the end of the bed as Fatty got in between my legs. I saw her thrash and squeal as Skinny held her down and forced his pecker up her pussy as Baldy stuck his in her face. Then Fatty shifted and blocked out my view.

"I told you I was going to fuck you before the night was over," he said as he leaned down, the head of his pecker tickling my pussy lips.

"Mmmm, and I told you I damn sure hoped so," I reminded him.

Well, let me tell you, if you've been opened pretty good and stretched without enough time for things to relax and kind of get back to normal there's nothing like getting a nice thick pecker like the ones that Dreds and Fatty had. After you've done long and big, thick and round works out just fine.

I put my arms around his big belly as he slid his pecker into my pussy hole. If I hadn't already been stretched out a little and wet from three loads of jism and a good lickin' from another gal he would have probably had a hard time getting in. His face looked dark and a little sweaty as he gave me a couple of thrusts, and I was sure he had already gotten a pretty good workout messing with Oriental Gal.

At first Fatty worked at pumping my pussy with long and slow thrusts, actually making me sweat a little more because I had a huge nigger on top of me now. He seemed pretty calm with his pace for a little bit. Then 2 Live Crew started singing, *'A Fuck Is a Fuck'* and that made him perk right up.

"Now this is my favorite song," Fatty gasped, picking up his pace a little.

"Mine too," I told him, grinding my hips up just a little bit.

"Ah, you full of shit, bitch," he panted.

I'm pretty sure he'd never believe me if I protested. So I made a believer out of him by joining the song and singin' along with Kid Ice when he got to talking about, loving the pussy and nothing but the pussy.

Well that made Fatty laugh and shake his head. He stopped moving his hips and looked around the room. "This bitch is crazy, man."

"That she is," I heard Moe call from somewhere else. "That she is."

Well, after he got himself together and started working his thick pecker in and out of my pussy again. Whenever the chorus came along we was both singing it. I called out, "Nigger!" real loud when it got to it.

Fatty called out, "Ho!" real loud when it got to that, and I think we had everyone rolling laughing at us.

Well after that was over the song switched to Eazy-E singing *'We Want Eazy'*. I told Fatty that that was my other song just to get another laugh out of him. He was still giving me his pecker at a steady pace, and the butterflies just seemed to be flutterin' a little lazily around my stomach. With most guys it was one of them teasing paces that they can keep up all night, but with Fatty I knew he was gonna want to pick it up some before too long so he could get off and take a break.

"You really love fuckin' nigger dick?" he asked.

I looked up to him and let a big and stupid looking grin creep across my face. "Yeah, I fuckin' love it, honey," I told him in a sultry voice. He was starting to slow down a little bit, and as he did he started putting his weight on me a little bit more. I did my best to grind against him, but you know after a bit when you got a big guy on top of you it starts to make it a little bit harder to breathe. We was both getting soaked with sweat.

Well in the midst of all this I saw a little motion off to the side and looked over to see Shades walking up to the head of the bed. He still had his shades and his t-shirt on, but from the waist down he was naked. I got my first good look at his pecker, and I mean to tell you he had a horse pecker down there. No, I ain't kidding. Shades had a good ten incher, with a foreskin that was bunched up where it was stretched over his head. He grabbed it and held it up, and then he pulled back on it to peel the skin off the head. The skin on his shaft was white and pink on the first couple of inches.

Shades had a joint in his other hand. He held it down and I leaned up a little while Fatty slowed his pace even more. I took a big hit, figuring at least one wouldn't hurt. I held it, and I think for some reason I was trying to look serious about doing it. So after only a second or two I ended up letting out a couple of little coughs. I felt silly and laughed, but it was just me being stupid and not really as much from the weed.

Fatty kind of groaned and sat himself up, getting on his knees but leaving his pecker buried up my pussy. I knew he was gonna take a little break before he even said it. Well, even at a group rate, the customer is always right. "Take all the time you need, honey."

He pulled out and rolled around so that he was half-sitting next to me on my right side. Shades took a hit off the joint and sat down close to my head on the other side. I propped myself up a little to see what everyone else was doing. Well Oriental Gal was getting a real double team put on her at the foot of the bed. Baldy was on his back and she was doing her best to ride his pecker as Skinny was on top of her and jamming his in her ass. Grandmaster Flash was on the stereo now singing that *'It's Nasty'* song. You know the one that they play that tune from the song them gals sing on. (I can't remember what that song is or who they are right now for the life of me.) Oriental Gal was moanin' and babbling along in foreign talk, and Skinny was chanting, "Slick Rick", along with the song as he fucked her. Looking around I could see that the other guys were all standing around the bedroom and watching the action.

Shades got my attention as I felt him shifting around beside my head. I looked to see him adjusting himself. He took his pecker and gave it a few quick strokes before taking another hit off the joint. He held it for a good minute, blindly reaching over and holding the joint in front of my face. I reached up and took it, more because I didn't want him to drop it in my eye than anything. I put it to my lips and took a huge hit. As I pinched my nose with my free hand Fatty reached over and took it so he could have a hit too.

Well, I felt like I had cotton or something stuffed up my sinuses and behind my eyes, the closest thing I was gonna get to a buzz from the obviously cheap pot that Shades was passing around. I laid back, sinking into the pillows and intent on relaxing a little more as Oriental Gal started calling out whatever Oriental stuff she spoke a little louder, when all the sudden Shades was getting up and moving to stand over me. I guessed my little smoke break was over.

Shades put a foot above each shoulder and squatted down. I just slightly puckered my lips and then opened my mouth into an "O" as he pointed his long old horse pecker right so it would go in. He pulled the foreskin back and I lipped around the head as it touched my lips. Then I reached up and grabbed the end of his shaft and raised my head a little so I could suck a couple of inches down.

"Hell yeah," I heard Fatty say. "Suck on that nigger's dick."

"Yeah, fuck yeah," Shades added. He squatted down to make me take another inch in my mouth. "Yeah, you like that. You love fuckin' a whole room full of niggas?"

I turned my head to the side as he raised back up and let his pecker slip out of my mouth. I raised my eyebrows and gave him a huge grin. "I wish there was more than this."

Fatty just laughed. "Nigger, this bitch is crazy."

"Yeah, man," Shades agreed. He squat walked a couple of big steps back until he got to my waist. Then he stood up a little straighter and stroked his long old horse pecker from the balls to the head several times as Fatty took another hit off the joint before passing it over to Dreds, who had walked up to the other side of the bed. "I'm gonna get up in that nasty shit."

With a big smile on my face I just raised my knees up and spaced them wide. "Yeah." I quickly leaned up and grabbed his pecker and gave it a squeeze. "Come on and give me that fuckin' black monster, honey."

Needless to say Shades didn't need all that much encouragement. He pulled his pecker out of my hands, and then knelt down on the bed between

my legs. As he was getting into position Fatty rolled over and moved to position himself on my other side. I stuck my tongue out at him as his pecker and balls brushed over my throat. Dreds got onto the bed on my other side, and I looked at him long enough to see that he had lost the joint, although I wasn't sure where he had put it or who he had passed it to. Shades reached down and gave me a light slap on my pussy mound. I shifted my ass slightly as Fatty and Dreds made themselves comfortable up on each side of my head so that Shades could get himself into me.

I laid back and took it, doing my best to relax my already opened up pussy just a little bit so that Shades could get as much as his long assed pecker into me as he could. He jammed it in hard and fast, keeping up a quick pace as I moaned and squirmed. It was almost like that pecker was a long old stick and he was poking a hornets' nest that had a million mad butterflies in it instead of hornets. I went over the edge fast the first time, making Shades throw his head back and let out a loud groan as I juiced hard all over his pecker. "God damn!" he huffed.

After he calmed down Shades started sticking me with a steady pace. I was pretty sure he was one of them guys that was real sensitive. That's why a lot of us gals will tell you that size ain't everything, because I been with a lot of guys with huge peckers that was so sensitive they couldn't take it and usually ended up blowing off faster than Artie had at the first of the day.

After he got into a pace that turned out being just right for a build up for me as well as him I started to pay attention to the other two. As Shades pumped himself in and out of my pussy I would turn my head to the left and suck Dreds's pecker for a minute or two. Then I would take a breath and rest a second before I turned to the right to suck some on Fatty's pecker. After a while they kept getting closer and closer to my head, until at one point I was just running my lips and tongue from one of their peckers to the other. It's actually one of them things I wish I could watch from the outside to see what it looks like, and maybe one day if I'm lucky maybe I will get someone to video tape me while I'm doing it. Yeah, I got a lot in my collection, but I still don't have any videos of me sucking a white guy and a black guy up close together at the same time.

Anyway, I was really sweating up a storm, and from the feel of things someone was really fucking the shit out of Oriental Gal. *'Dunkie Butt'* was playing in the other room, but I only heard bits and pieces as Oriental Gal started gasping and panting before she started to cry out real loud before she

started yelling real loud in her language. Hearing another gal getting off usually does more for me when I'm the one she's doing something with, but considering the situation it was enough to get the butterflies really doing, my pussy and nipples was really alive.

"Damn, honey," I finally panted. I leaned up and away from Fatty and Dreds, my face feeling like it was freezing once it was out of the sweltering heat they were making over my head. Shades grabbed my waist and jammed himself in as far as he could, and I jumped a little as I put my arms around him and held on. I can tell you from experience that getting jabbed with a pecker that far inside is enough to make you sore as shit for days. It's like getting a bruise on the inside of your pussy. It's one of them things that hurts so good it makes you come, and I did, juicing all over him as he pumped that horse pecker in and out of me as I held on to him.

"Jesus," Shades groaned.

"Faster," I gasped. "Give that big black dick, honey!" I knew he wasn't gonna last too much longer, and I figured it would really drive him wild if we both got off at the same time.

Well with a loud grow Shades jammed me deep enough to leave his mark in the deepest part of my pussy once again. I held tight, wrapping my arms around him and his sweat soaked shirt. "YEEEEEAAAAAH!" he growled.

There was so much sweat on my upper lip I could feel it start to drip. "UHHHNNNN," I groaned back.

"Yeah, baby," Shades panted as he worked to quicken his pace. "You love this big nigger dick."

Well, that was enough to make the butterflies explode all over as he banged his pecker hard down at the bottom of the well. I groaned loud and it felt like water was just pouring out of my body, sweat heating and slicking up my under arms, under my tits and the bends of my legs as I just juiced and juiced all over Shades's monster pecker and down the crack of my ass. "I love your dick," I panted. "I love your fuckin' black dick."

For Shades them words must have made it a two way street. He leaned back as I held to him and bucked hard into me. Then with a loud groan his pecker throbbed and beat against my insides as he shot his load in. He kept giving it to me for all he was worth, pounding me hard and making me juice him up real good as he kept pumping his pecker in me as he kept filling me up with his jism.

Finally he had enough. He gave a weak moan, and I loosened my arms from around him and laid back as he stopped jabbing himself up me. My head was wringing wet with sweat, the first thing I noticed as I laid it down on the pillow. Shades stayed between my legs for a couple of minutes, just kneeling there with his half-hard pecker up my pussy. I took a breath and closed my eyes. Other than us breathing I couldn't hear anyone else in the room. In the living room Poison Clan was singing *'Low Life Mutha Fuckas'* on the stereo.

I took another breath and opened my eyes to see Shades looking down at me with a big grin on his face. Finally he shifted around and slipped his pecker out of me. "Shew," he panted. "God damn, you can fuck a nigga sore, Abbey."

I snorted out a laugh. "I made you sore?"

Well that was enough to get them all laughing. I even heard a funny sounding female laugh that was enough to let me know that Oriental Gal had heard and got it too.

Just as the laughter died down the next thing I knew was that Dreds was crawling over me and getting between my still open legs. "I hope you're not too sore for more hard cock, momma."

"Shew," I groaned. "Do I got a choice?"

Everyone was laughing at that one too.

Truth be told, I was pretty much ready to take a break. Shades had really been able to do a number on me once he got going.

Dreds just scooted up and stuck his pecker right up my open and slick hole. I gasped out, a little surprised as I juiced on him off a quick little explosion of butterflies from deep in my pussy, and let out a little moan. "Not really," he said as he grabbed my left leg and made me twist my waist to one side as he plunged his pecker into me again and again.

It didn't take too long from my insides to start numbing out. My head felt a little bit spacey, and I just relaxed my body as Dreds went to work. Even if I wasn't feeling numb inside I think I wouldn't have been feeling too much. Shades had left so much jism in me I was sure that Dreds's pecker wasn't even really touching my insides as much as it was riding on a layer of lube.

That didn't keep him from really getting into it and enjoying it. The rest of the guys either for that matter. As he grunted and panted while he drove his pecker inside me they started egging him on.

"Yeah, man, fuck that shit," Smokey said.

“Get up in there man,” Fatty told him. “Get that white dick up that nigger lovin’ pussy.”

“Fuck that shit, white boy!” Skinny yelled.

“Yeah, man fuck her,” Shades said. “Fuck that white bitch.”

Well I got to tell you that hearing all that stuff was enough to help wake my numb insides up just a little bit. As I became aware of Dreds’s hairy balls slapping against my pussy lips I started to get a little more in to it. I ground lightly against him as he pumped his pecker into me as he held onto my leg. “Yeah, that’s it,” I finally panted in a whisper. “Fuck me, honey. Give me your dick.”

With a groan Dreds picked up his pace a little bit. He squeezed his eyes shut tight for a second and got this strained look on his face. “You fucking love that cock?” he panted.

I ground against him a little harder, squeezing my legs on him slightly. “Honey, I love every cock.”

Well that got another one of them loud, dayum, damns out of Skinny.

Dreds wrapped the crook of his arm around the leg he was holding hard and threw his head back and let out a groan. He pumped himself in and out of my pussy three or four more times as he came. Since he had already come at least once that night I knew that he probably hadn’t really come all that much, and if he had I was pretty sure I wouldn’t have felt it with the load that Shades had shot up me still inside.

Well there was some, “Oooooohs,” and “Nasties”, as Dreds let go of my leg and pulled out of me. As he moved back I felt a big and stringy glop of jism drip onto my inner thigh and slide down toward my pussy like a hot slug. Yeah, I’m pretty sure that Dreds had a nice coat of sperm all over his pecker. I’ve seen it happen before. Quite a few times.

Once he was off me I sagged down on the bed just a little bit and looked at the crowd of guys looking to me from the other side of the bed. I caught Fatty’s eye and gave him a smile. He scooted a little closer and I found myself staring at his hard black pecker. “It’s time for me to finish up with your ass.”

I huffed and let out a laugh, lazily moving my legs apart as I laid there on my side. Yeah, I was still feeling like it was break time, but I was also thinking, Oh, what the hell, at the same time.

Fatty twisted and reached under my head, and I let out a groan as he jerked one of the pillows out from under it. “Don’t start bitchin’,” he said as

he stuck his hand inside and started to work the pillow case off. "I'll give it right back to you."

Well, he dropped it right back by my face once he had the pillow case off. Then he shifted and leaned down.

"Oh, shit. Oh, shit," Smokey was laughing.

Fatty reached between my legs and started wiping at my crotch with the pillow case, so I turned enough so that I was on my back and opened my legs widely for him. He wiped the pillow case harshly up and down my slit. Then I gasped out and closed my eyes, a huge smile spreading across my face as he jammed a little bit of it up my pussy hole and twisted it around on the inside. I got up on my elbows and made eyes at him as he wiped it back in the other direction inside my hole before pulling it out.

"Man, look at that shit!" Baldy yelled as Fatty held up the pillow case.

I looked at it to see wet marks and big glops of jism smeared across it in places.

"Nigga, you really gonna fuck that shit now?" Smokey asked.

Fatty just looked down at me and cracked a smile. "You tell him," he said.

With a little laugh I looked at Smokey and grinned. "Damn, straight he is."

A couple of the guys hooted and hollered.

"Man, holy shit," Baldy said. "Now that nigga's a real nigga. He ain't scared of shit."

"He should be," Smokey said.

Fatty just gave him a look over his shoulder as he got back onto the bed and knelt between my legs. "Only thing I'm scared of tonight is catching AIDS from your gay ass."

Well that had them really laughing and givin' Smokey a hard time.

"Man, fuck all y'all," he griped before moving back from the bed and heading out of the room.

Fatty didn't pay any mind to him after that. He just scooted up real close to me, his knees just touching my inner thighs. Then he reached down and took his pecker in hand and slowly started stroking it. "I'm gonna give you some real nigger's cum now."

I reached between my legs and rubbed my fingers over my clit, making a tight fuck face as I looked back at him. "Well, I damn sure hope so."

Well, the other guys were really telling him to go for it too. They was all talking, whooping and egging him on the whole time, as soon as he put his pecker up my pussy. Well, that felt pretty good, and I could definitely feel it better than I had Dreds's since he had cleaned me up a little bit. Fatty gave me a hard thrust and grunted loudly. "Yeah, you got a real nigger's dick in that white ass pussy now."

"God, yeah!" I moaned back. The butterflies were building into a quick swarm, like they knew it was going to get a hell of a lot more excitin'. Already I knew that when I went off it wasn't just gonna be an explosion. This time I knew the butterflies was gonna be an atom bomb.

"Yeah, tear that shit up," Shades said. "Bust that white pussy out."

"Yeah, slut," Fatty growled as he ground himself all the way in. "That pussy loves nigger dick don't it?"

"God, damn, yes," I hissed, fresh sweat breaking out between my tits.

"Yeah, someone turned you on to that black dick, didn't they?"

"Mmmmm," I moaned. "Yeah, I went black and never went back, honey."

"Oh, yeah!" Baldy yelled.

"Damn, bitch loves her some nigga dick," Skinny added.

Even though it had been loosened up pretty good I could feel my pussy start squeezing Fatty's pecker as my butterflies started to nibble my clit.

"Tell 'em how much you love black dick, Abbey," Moe suddenly said.

"Mmmmm," I moaned as Fatty pounded his pecker into me as far as he could go. I raised my legs up and kind of let them dangle in the air a second as he drew back for another thrust. When he slammed it back in I let out another moan, then wrapped them around his sweaty waist. "I love black dick," I hissed.

The guys were whoopin' and hollerin' at that.

"MMMMmmm," I moaned as Fatty pounded himself into me again. I could feel sweat pouring off of him every place he was touching me. "I'm a nigger lovin' white trash slut."

That was enough to get Fatty to pick up his pace just a little bit. I hissed and gasped. My insides were churnin' and churnin'. My asshole, my clit and my nipples all felt like they were being dive bombed by butterflies. I let out a cross between a cry and a moan, arching my back as Fatty put it to me a little bit harder.

"Go on, man, go on," Baldy said.

"Yeah, man," Shades added. "Come all up in that white bitch's old pussy."

Well between them talkin' like that and the fuckin' that Fatty was givin' me I just couldn't take any more. I twisted and arched my back as I came, that nuclear bomb going off in my pussy and my nipples as I juiced hard on Fatty's pecker. As the second orgasm hit he growled and let go of his jism as I tightened my legs up around his waist and bore down as I juiced on him even harder.

Fatty had his sweaty hands on my waist, pushing himself back, gasping and sputtering. "God damn, this bitch just keeps getting wetter."

I heard Moe laugh real loud, and that was enough to make me laugh at the same time I bore back down on Fatty's pecker, trying to hold it inside me as I juiced all over the shaft again.

After a minute he was finally able to pull his pecker out of me, leaving a new trail of jism leaking down my ass crack. I laid there a second, then I rolled on to my side and clenched my ass cheeks together and licked my lips as I felt his sperm all up my crack. I closed my eyes. My skin felt like it was freezing cold, but at the same time it felt like heat was just rising off my body. I could smell myself. I was sweaty as shit, and the smell of sex just filled the air.

Then the next thing I knew was that there was a hand on my ass, giving it a squeeze. Then it let go and I felt a pair of fingers trail from there, to all the way up my side, stopping on my shoulder. "You ready for another go with me, baby?" I heard Moe ask.

I opened one eye and looked up at him as he hovered over me. He had put on this gray robe that had blue trim on it, but even without looking all the way down I knew that it was open and everything was hanging out. He was wearing his hat, of course, and the stub of a cigar was clenched in his grin.

"Ha," I sputtered, not even bothering to raise my head. "Fuck no. It's time for my union mandated break." I stretched out one leg and pressed the side of my face into the case-less pillow a little harder. "The only thing I want right now is a fuckin' cigarette, man."

Moe's grin spread a little wider and he raised his other hand to show me that he was holding my cigarette case.

Well, that was enough to perk me up a little bit. I quickly twisted and shifted around to sit up, putting my hands out and cupping them as Moe placed my cigarette case in them. "Oh, thank you, kind sir," I told him.

Now that sure did get a laugh out of his friends as I got an American out of the pack and took my lighter out to light it.

After a three cigarette smoke break it was back to work. I won't bore you will all the details, because most of the time rounds two and three are pretty boring unless you're with a guy that's under 26. Dreds was the only one there that fit that bill, but all things considered he wasn't all that spectacular. But, oh well, business is business. Right?

Anyway, I did finally get it on with Baldy and Skinny. Had Oriental Gal give me another good pussy lickin' to clear about five loads of jizz out of me. Shades and Skinny took turns fucking me in the ass for a little bit. Then I finally ended up with Moe and Oriental Gal for another go round that ended with him fucking her ass until he was about to come. He pulled out and shot it all over her back and I went down and licked it all off. YUMMY!

The "party" started to break up just after midnight. Moe offered to let me spend the night, but I was pretty much ready to unwind and start my vacation. So I turned him down as long as it was okay to get a shower. And I needed one. I had jizz in every crack and crevice, and a pretty good load that went up into my hair from Skinny.

Well Moe settled up with me before I left. He paid me my usual rate on top of what he had given me as a down payment that afternoon, which he figured up at $1400. Plus he gave me another $200 as a bonus. So for one job I had made $1900. Yeah, just short of $2,000 for doing one party. Added to what I had made between getting up and getting there I had $2,500. Not bad for one day's work and definitely more than enough to float me if I needed any extra money due to my vacation.

It was just after one when I got off the elevator on the ground floor. There was still some traffic on the main drag, so I waited until it was clear and crossed the street to the gift shop side of the road. I was thirsty for a beer, and realized if I walked fast enough I could probably make it to the Starlight Tavern in time to grab a quick one before heading home. So, I held my purse close to me and quickened my pace because the Starlight was about two blocks into SBS, and I had a ways to get there. And let me tell you, even though I had got out my over shirt to wear it still gets cold at night, and there was a gusty sea breeze coming off the ocean each time I crossed blocks.

Well it was right at two when I reached the Starlight. Jep, the guy that owns the place, had just got the last of his customers out and was heading back in through the doors to lock them when I came running up. I could see him tense up as soon as he realized that someone was running at him, but he got a look of relief as he saw it was me, so I slipped past him and went inside.

Jep is a big guy. He's tall with a real round belly, and probably a good 30 pounds on Fatty. He has his hair all done up like a greaser or something, even though it's all gone gray. Even his matching sideburns. He shook his head at me, a scowl on his fat jowls. "After two," he said. "Come back tomorrow."

"Jep," I kind of whined in a disappointed voice. "Please." I reached up and took one of his flabby cheeks and gave it a tug.

Well he let out a sigh. "Like I could refuse you." He turned around and locked the door.

I went and made myself at home, going up and taking a seat at the bar. The smell of liquor and stale beer hung in the air with a leftover haze of cigar and cigarette smoke. I got out my cigarettes and lit one as Jep went back behind the bar and grabbed a fresh mug, sticking it under the Busch tap. The jukebox was still goin' and Tim McGraw was singing *'Indian Outlaw'*. It was about over though, and when Jep sat the mug in front of me the record switched to Faith Hill and *'Wild One'*.

"So, how's tricks?" Jep asked as I took my first sip of Busch. He likes to be kind of a smart ass.

I just sat the mug down and grinned real big. "Oh, they been pretty good tonight. How's things been with you?"

He let out another sigh. "Same as always, Abbey. Darlene is on her kick again."

Well, he really didn't need to explain that to me. I knew what her kick was. You see Jep's got him a wife that ain't satisfied with what he's got, but she likes the money, and he's so pussy whipped that he will do anything that she wants, and I do mean anything. Whenever she gets on a "kick" it means that she's messing around with someone else. Sometimes she tells him all about it. And sometimes she lets him watch, and if he's real lucky she'll let him take a turn after whoever she's been with already shot a load of jism up

her cunt. I'm pretty sure that Jep gets off on it, even if she treats him like dirt. He always gets all excited when he's telling me about when she does stuff with her boyfriends. (And just like me she's got a thing for the black ones too.)

"Maybe we could do something about that problem," I suggested after another sip of my beer. Okay, I ain't greedy, but you know by now I just can't help myself. Plus Jep is a fairly easy sell whether his old lady is completely cutting him off from the pussy or not. And of course I was pretty sure he had getting it on on his mind as soon as he allowed me to stay, because he can be a real bitch when he wants to be and would have had no problem running me off if he was really wanting to get home.

Well it wasn't too long after I finished my Busch and my American that I was butt assed naked on top of one of the pool tables with Jep getting ready to put his little bone in me. Remember earlier when I was talking about Jan and how even though he had a little pecker that he had nice sized balls that weren't way out of proportion with his pecker, but I did it with someone later that was. Well Jep was the guy I meant. Now Jep's pecker is a little longer and fatter around than Jan's. He's probably about four inches long and as big around as a summer sausage, where Jan is three inches, if that, and as big around as a Vienna sausage.

Anyway, it's the balls that really set Jep apart. They're so big they can easily hide his pecker depending on how you're looking at it. Have you ever seen a pig's balls? Well if you have then you got an idea of how big Jep's balls are. I bet they're each bigger than a grapefruit. I ain't lyin' or bull shittin' you one bit. Hell, sometimes I wonder how he can even sit down with them things in his pants.

Well I ground up against his pecker as he got it in me, and Confederate Railroad was singing *'Trashy Women'* on the jukebox as we started to get to it. Jep never lasts too long, but he gets into it, which helps make it pretty good. He had his hands on my chest, holding my tits as he pumped his little pecker in and out of me, and each time he did I could feel the flab on his upper arms moving too.

It doesn't take too much to get him sweaty, and having his weight on top of me was enough to make me start sweating too. My pussy hadn't had all that much time to recover, but it had tightened back up enough that I'm sure that Jep could at least tell he was putting it into something. "Come on, bitch," he puffed and panted. "Come on."

Well, I wasn't in a position to really refuse. All the action I had had at The Seaside was enough to keep me primed, and I had had a little flutter going on in my insides as soon as I suggested giving him a hand with his problem. I wasn't quite there, but I knew if he came then I would too, so I twisted and moaned and cried out a little. "Oh, fuck!" I choked. "Here I come!"

Just like I figured, as soon as I acted like I was getting off Jep closed his eyes and let out a loud groan. My insides were suddenly soaked by a huge splash of jism, and feeling that was enough to make me let out a moan as the butterflies suddenly exploded and I began to juice all over his little pecker.

I wasn't done with him though, because I knew he would keep comin' as long as he could take it. I let the nympho take over. I wrapped my legs around him as best I could, my heels just digging into his meaty ass as I worked under him to grind my pussy into his crotch and balls. I arched my back as he kept holding my tits, thrashing and moaning a little as he kept sperming my hole. It wasn't too long before I could feel it seeping out on my pussy lips each time I juiced his pecker a little more.

Well, finally Jep pushed himself up on his knees and made me let go of him. His softening pecker slid right out on a lube of my pussy juice and his own jizz. His face was red and he was sweating so hard it looked like someone had dumped a bucket of water over his head. He just knelt there a minute, huffin' and a puffin' as he tried to catch his breath. "Shit, Abbey," he panted. "What the hell got into you?"

"A hotel room full of niggers," I told him with a big smirk on my face.

Well, Jep looked pretty peaked to begin with, but as soon as I said that he went as white as a sheet and gulped like he was gonna puke. "Oh, I wish you hadn't told me that."

Of course I think he was full of shit. I knew it would turn him on if I told him that. And the fact that his pecker was standing straight up and stone hard as he knelt over me was proof of that.

Did I mention that I really ain't greedy, and that Jep is a pretty easy sell?

I grinned and wiggled my ass. "Oh, sorry. I'll make it up to you with another fuck."

Jep sighed like he was trying to say, No, but his eyes and his pecker was saying, Yes.

I opened my legs real wide and reached down and ran a finger over my clit. "Oh, come on you peckerneck."

Anyway, we went another quick round on the pool table. Then I had another beer and a couple more Americans before Jep finally shooed me out of the Starlight so he could close up and get home. I stood outside and listened to the sound of the door locking behind me, a smirk on my face as I thought of the extra $50 in my purse. By my watch it was about 20 past three. I took a second to stretch and yawn. "Well, it's time to get home and start my vacation," I said to myself with a big smile on my face.

Well I was just about to turn off the main drag and go the last two blocks to the trailer park when all the sudden I felt the flash of lights and heard the sound of a BLEEP behind me. I stopped in my tracks and glanced over my shoulder, and sure enough there was a black and white Coast County Sheriff's Department car behind me. "Shit," I breathed through my teeth.

I really wasn't thinkin' it would be too bad. After all I had pretty much closed up shop, and since I hadn't been caught doing any real whorin' I was sure I couldn't be being pestered for much. Maybe jaywalking, but I hadn't crossed the road since I had left The Seaside. It's just a bitch to get stopped like that, especially since I was just about home.

"Stay right there, Abbey," I heard the deputy say as he got out of the car, and I was like, Shit, I know that voice.

The deputy walking up behind me was Arland Holmner. I know him because I've done some service for him before. He's a regular, but not one that I really like havin', because Arland is the type that thinks you're free to be with him whenever he decides it, and thinks that he's entitled to all sorts of discounts and freebies.

Arland's got a son that's retarded. Well, not too bad. He's mainly a little bit slow. (I'm pretty sure it comes from his daddy's side of the family, though his old lady can't be too bright either considering she married Arland. So maybe it runs on both sides.) Anyhow, when his boy turned 18 Arland brought him to me so I could show him what to do with a woman, and since then Arland really started to treat me like I was the one that owed him something.

You know he told me it was all his old lady's idea that the boy needed to lose his virginity to a hooker. Can you believe it? I wasn't all that shocked because in my life stranger things have happened. She told him to get it done, like most women do, and Arland just happened to be in the position to find a hooker. It just so happens that he apparently wanted the best for his son as well.

I guess you'd call it a good choice considering that it was made by someone that isn't too much in the brains department themselves. I'll tell you, if Bill Clinton was the King of the United States instead of the President, then he would have Arland Holmner as his court jester. He's one of them yahoos like we had in Bancroft that always wanted to be a cop because he wanted to beat people up with a nightstick and shoot them. And of course he was one of them that lucked out and got to be one. Every law department in the country has at least three or four idiots on in that shouldn't even be allowed to be a mall security guard.

Oh, well. It ain't all bad having a dimwit deputy keep up with you. Like anyone in my line of work I've had run-ins with the law from time to time. It's always been something little, nothing major. But having Arland on my side has kept me out of any real trouble, and things always have a way of getting dismissed and otherwise being kept off the record, so I put up with him wanting his extras, even though I don't really want to.

"What are you doing out here?" Arland asked as he stepped up to me. A stupid question I think, because unlike most people he does know exactly where I live.

"I'm walking home." Basically the truth of course.

"It's nearly four."

I kind of tried to laugh at him. "I'm an adult, you know. I just came from The Starlight Tavern. I was sitting around and talking to Jep while he was closing up." Sort of the truth.

"Sure you're not out whoring your cunt?" he asked.

"Nope," I said, trying to sound sweet.

"Why don't you come over to the car and have a seat?"

I sighed and walked over to his cruiser with him. He opened up the back door and I sat down as he took my purse and sat it on the trunk and started looking through it. Next thing I knew I was hearing this clap, clap sound. I looked up to see he was holding the scallop shell bikini top in over the door and he was jerking it to make the shells clack like one of them cheap toys that kids can win at the game rooms on the Boardwalk.

"Not whoring, huh? Why do you have this?"

"I went to the beach this afternoon," I told him.

"Right."

He leaned back out and started looking through my purse again. Then the next thing I knew he had my money out and was thumbing through it. "This sure is a lot of money, Abbey"

"I don't believe in banks," I told him. "I closed out my account just this mornin'." I didn't know quite what his game was, and I was getting a little bit pissed. "And by the way, only my friends call me Abbey, and you ain't one."

Arland kind of chuckled at that. "Have it your way, Mrs. King," he snorted. "You're about to go for a little ride with me, Mrs. King. But first I'm gonna have you get on out here so I can make sure you ain't got nothin' on you."

So I got out of the car like a good girl and assumed the position. Well Arland started to pat me down, beginning at the shoulders, but not really going too far down. He stopped right at my tits, rubbing them and squeezing them from behind me.

"Why, you ain't wearin' a bra, Mrs. King."

Well, duh, I had my halter on under my little cut-off over-shirt. "That's right," I told him. "Me and that Gloria Steinem gal and Linda Ellerbe and a bunch of other gals all got together on the White House lawn and burned 'em all one day. Back before you'd remember."

Well, that ended his little pat down, and he told me to get back into the car. About ten minutes later we was at the SBS substation. I could tell it had to be a slow night because there was no one else there. Instead of stopping at one of the desks he walked me straight back into the back where there was a pair of empty holding cells a little bit bigger than closets.

"What the hell are you up to, Arland?" I asked. "Ain't you gonna book me, or charge me, or somethin'? I know what my rights are. I want to make my phone call."

"We'll take care of all that later," Arland said, giving me a push into one of the cells and slamming the door closed behind me.

I watched as he went back out around the corner. I couldn't see out to where the desks were from the cell I was in, and since no one was in the other cell I didn't have anyone to talk to either.

Well I sat and stewed in the cell for a little bit before Arland came back to the holding area. As I got up I was beginning to wonder what in

particular he had in mind. I got to admit I was feeling a little bit scared, which is something that doesn't happen to me too often. Like I said, I'm a pretty good judge of character and pretty good at reading situations, which keeps me from getting into trouble and real bad spots.

"Get back from the door," Arland told me, so I took a step back. Then he took a key and opened up the door long enough to step inside before he closed and locked it behind him.

"So what's this all about?" I asked again. "You gonna book me for somethin' or what?"

Arland nodded with this stupid looking grin on his face. "But first I got to do a body cavity search. Just to make sure you ain't got no weapons or drugs on you."

"Fine," I grumbled, but I was doing my best to hold back a smile and not laugh. Oh, I couldn't wait. When me and Jep had finished up all I had to clean up with was one of his bar towels that I just ran over the outside of my pussy. I didn't bother to go in the bathroom and try and clean up anymore or anything because I was headed straight home.

"Turn around and hold onto the bars with your hands, Mrs. King," he told me.

I did, and he got out a pair of handcuffs. He put one of the bracelets around my left wrist. Then he hooked the other one onto one of the bars. I kept holding onto the bars as he stepped back and kept looking straight ahead. Behind me I could hear the rustling of his clothes, then something hitting the floor. I tilted my head up a little and let my grin go from one ear to the other as I felt him reach around my waist and undo my cut-offs.

"Bend over now, Mrs. King," he told me once he had gotten my shorts to my ankles and had stepped one foot out of them.

I did like he said, squatting down a little bit to make sure that my ass was good and sticking out. I felt him get close behind me, a chill going up my back as I felt his breath on my ear. There was a little part of me that was still a little scared and nervous. But there was still that other part of me that was fighting to keep from busting out laughing. Then I got the butterflies coming to life and swirling around in my stomach as he reached around me and unbuttoned my cut-off over shirt before untying the front of my halter. He slipped his hands in after he was done and started squeezing my tits.

"I want to ask you something, Mrs. King," he said, doing his best to talk in some kind of hot and studly voice.

"Shoot," I told him.

“Did you like it that time you fucked my boy?”

I couldn’t help but give a quick and restrained chuckle. “Well, he was better than most.”

By better than most I was meaning he was a lot better than Arland, which is saying a lot, I think, for a retarded virgin.

“I got somethin’ you’re really gonna like,” he told me. He took a hand off one of my tits and reached down. Then he grabbed his stiff pecker and rubbed it against my bare ass.

I had my bottom lip up under my top teeth, still trying not to laugh. I don’t know if I thought that the fact he thought he was good was funny, or if it was the fact that I knew he was about to get a surprise. Despite the fact that I thought it was all a little funny the butterflies was still swirlin’ around in my stomach.

“Yeah, baby,” Arland sighed as he moved his hips around and down before dipping down and guiding the head of his pecker around to find my pussy lips. As soon as he had it in between them he thrust himself up inside me, making a loud grunt like it was all some big effort on his part to get it inside.

Well as soon as he got all the way in he just kind of froze and stood up against me with his pecker up my pussy hole. I knew it was sinking into his stupid head that he had just rammed his rod right up a slop bucket.

I squeezed my eyes closed and bit the inside of my mouth a second, trying not to outright bust out laughing. I could feel the corners of my mouth stretched as far as they would go as I tried to imagine the look that must have been on his face. “Oh, by the way,” I finally said. “I kind of forgot to mention that me and Jep did a little more than talk after he closed up at The Starlight.”

“Gah, you dirty bitch,” Arland moaned. But he still didn’t move one way or the other.

“Peckerneck,” I called him back. Well he just kept on standing there with his pecker up me and his body pressed up against me. “So, you gonna fuck me or what, peckerneck?” I asked. I really was ready to be home if he wasn’t gonna do anything.

Well, without a word Arland took both of his hands and put them on my waist. Then he held on tight, pumpin’ away and gettin’ the butterflies’ interest again, because it wasn’t too long before they was giving my nipples and clit a tickle.

“It sure would be a shame if all your buddies found out you got you some sloppy seconds from Jep,” I grinned, slightly looking back over my shoulder at him.

“I’ll make it worth your while,” he told me, pounding his pecker in me a little bit harder. He sounded pissed, but it wasn’t like ragin’ angry, so I knew he wasn’t going to try and do anything stupid to me.

Well things didn’t take too long. Arland kept on hurrying his pace up and groanin’ so I moved my ass back at him and sighed and moaned with him. Finally I came, the butterflies sending electricity through all my private parts. I moaned real loud as I juiced on his pecker, and that was enough to make Arland buck a little harder and blow his wad up my pussy.

He pulled out of me almost as soon as he was done. I stood up, feeling my pussy lips slightly sliding against each other on his sperm and my juice as I straightened up and turned to face Arland. He was gathering up his clothes and getting dressed, looking pretty much like a scolded puppy. If I hadn’t been handcuffed to one of the bars I would have got my stuff together too, or tied up my halter.

Once Arland was dressed he unlocked the handcuffs. He walked out to the office area, leaving the cell door open. I quickly got my tits adjusted. Then I got my cut-offs on and retied my shoes before I went out and walked out to the little office area. Arland was standing behind one of the desk, slipping his wallet into his back pocket. He looked up to me with a frown on his face as he pushed my purse over to me from the other side of the desk.

Well, I was pretty sure that he was putting money in my purse instead of taking it out. I’m sure he’s not dumb enough to try and stiff me, and too dumb to steal. “Pleasure doin’ business with you, peckerneck,” I told him as I picked up my purse and strolled past him toward the door.

Well Arland really didn’t have anything to say to me on the drive from the substation to the trailer park. I think really deep down he didn’t want to admit that getting sloppy seconds, especially from someone like Jep, turned him on. I just kept to myself too, kind of leaning back in the front passenger seat and smoking an American on the drive.

He didn’t drive me up to my trailer, just pulled up at the entrance of the park and let me out, which was just fine with me. I waited for him to drive off before I started down the main street in and out of the park. Being

it was almost five in the morning on a Saturday there were a lot of people up, some winding down their partying and others getting up to start the day. Just like in the morning you can hear a lot of different music and stuff as you walk along, but just not as much. There was a scream and gunshots coming from a TV sitting close to an open window. A little ways further I could hear New Kids on the Block singing *'Hangin' Tough'*. Past that I could hear Metallica growling out *'Enter Sandman'*. At another trailer I could hear the TV and some reporter talking about O.J. Simpson and that low speed chase. Just past that I saw a couple sitting on the trailer gate of a jacked up truck, holding hands and beer bottles in their other hands as Little Texas played *'God Blessed Texas'* from the truck's open windows. Then closer to my trailer some loud mariachi music was blarin' from somewhere a couple of lots down.

I had me a cigarette as I walked along, kind of thinking to myself that this was the life. I was making money doing a job that I really loved, even if it did have an Arland or other occasional dead beat in it. I had no boss to answer to. I didn't have no taxes to pay. I let out a whoop that kind of blended in and echoed along with the miss-mash of music all around. Then I took another drag off my American, a huge grin on my face. Nope, surely life didn't get much better than this.

I went into my trailer after pitching my cigarette butt in the yard. Once I had the door shut behind me I stepped my shoes off, then undid my cut-offs and squatted to work them down, leaving them on top of my shoes once I stepped out of them and kicked them away. I went to the kitchen and sat my purse on the table, then shucked my plaid cut-off half shirt and got out of my halter. Naked I unzipped my purse and laid out my earnings and the jungle woman bikini that Twila had given me. I found $150 tucked to one side, my rate, and I'm sure a little extra for some silence, from Arland. I grinned to myself as I opened my cigarette case and got me an American and my lighter out. "Peckerneck," I chuckled to myself after I took that first drag.

All total $2,700 for one day's work. Not bad at all. More than enough to take a vacation with, had I actually needed any extra money to do that with, but like I said in the beginning, it never hurts to have a lot of extra money socked away. It seemed to me that it was just more proof that I had chosen the best job in the world, one that had great pay and that I loved doing.

Well, that was about a month ago. Yeah, it took me a whole month to write all that, even though I extended my vacation another week. I guess I could have got it all done faster, but I don't know. I just ain't cut out to write all day like William W. Johnstone and Ruby Jean Jensen and the rest of them. At least not yet. Maybe when I retire.

Yeah, like I got plans to do that anytime soon. But it was still fun, though I'm not sure I would make it into a hobby.

Fuck. I wonder who the hell I'll ever show this to? Probably no one.

Anyway, I guess I'm done. Just sitting here on the couch and having an American with a big Jack and Coke in front of me. I haven't decided what I'm going to do afterwhile, but right now I'm half watchin' wrestling. Ricky Steamboat is fighting "Stunning" Steve Austin for the U.S. belt tonight, and I damn sure hope Ricky Steamboat kicks Austin's ass and takes it from him. Maybe after it's over I'll go down to The Starlight and have a few drinks. Maybe I'll find someone to hook up with. And if not I'm sure I can talk Jep into a little go round, even score an extra fifty.

Shit, here I am at the end and I'm still getting side tracked. Anyhow, that's it. That's pretty much what a day in my life is like. At least one of the more exciting ones.

Oh, well. If anyone else has gotten this far, I hope that you enjoyed it and that I didn't bore you all too much. Maybe I'll actually do this again sometime. It takes a while, but it sure is a little fun, especially getting excited describing all the juicy parts.

THE END

The Best Prostitute in Coast County (And Probably All the Five Counties)

As an author who has been writing stories since middle school I have written quite a few things both good and absolutely abysmal, and usually with an older story I can pick out everything about a story that doesn't work. Yet, after 23 years, to me, *A Day in the Life of Abagail King* is a story that has stood the test of time a lot better than a majority of my other early works. Abagail King herself stands as one of my favorites among hundreds of characters I have written about or made plans for since I began writing.

I do feel the need to again point out that her life is not the atypical life of most women, or men, involved in prostitution. She just, at least at this juncture in her life, feels that she is what she is and revels in it. She is a character I would love to, and have thought of, revisiting many times over the years, and of course it is possible that with more wisdom gained through life experience the character has evolved in her attitudes and practices, or at least evolved enough that she's basically the same person with a fresher look on the world.

Abagail is both a product of her time and her environment. The first person I ever knew personally who ever bought and read one of my books, Sarah Hester, actually bought the first eBook edition of this book. After she read it she told me how much she liked it, and additionally commented, "I couldn't believe how many times you used the 'N-word'." And yes that word is used a great deal by the story-teller, after all it is her story and from her point of view. As an author I do not believe in restricting myself on using words that may be uncomfortable for some people, or even offensive. Stories need the words which make them true to life, and I myself find the "whitewashing" of works to make everyone feel better about them to be offensive. I don't believe authors should have words taken from them, or have a list of words they probably should not use, because they make certain groups, or even society in general, uncomfortable.

Am I a racist? Yes, I'm just as racist as every other person on the planet. And I have yet to meet someone who fits the bill as totally "not racist" or "un-racist" or "rainbow fluffy puppy good". Everyone hates someone for something. White people hate people. Black people hate people. Gay people hate people. Christians hate people. Muslims hate people. Jews hate people. The President hates everybody. At some point in

your life you have hated someone for their skin color, or ethnicity, or their sexual orientation, or their religion, or their lack of religion, or any of countless millions of reasons that can be found to hate someone for being different than you, so get the fuck over it. The point is, when everything is said and done, have you evolved beyond your prejudices as you've grown older? Because if you have it means that you have made strides to understand people who are different than you are, and perhaps strived to be a decent human being. If not, if over the years you became more racist and intolerant, then you're probably a sorry piece of shit.

For the record I am of mixed race. And to be quite honest if it weren't for interracial sex I would still be a childless virgin. Oh, hell, let's be totally honest, if it weren't for white girls I would still be a childless virgin.

Is Abagail King a racist?

The answer to this question is a simple, no. She is a product of another age, relating the events of one day from another age that contemporary readers are as removed from as she is from her own childhood. And it is apparent from her dialogue that she is uncomfortable with herself about her feelings on the subject. Abagail still has some little need to feel superior to black people, probably to help her reconcile with her upbringing. Breaking the deep rooted taboo which she grew up with embarrasses her. Or maybe she's embarrassed that after nearly two decades she finds herself still unable to totally let go of the way she was taught to think of people different from herself, black people in particular, when she was younger.

Will she ever be able to let go?

It's hard to say, even as her creator. What I can tell you for sure is that she'll always be, as Deidre observed, "feisty".

Well, I know that was a little deep for any of my readers who are more used to me keeping things all light and airy in the afterward. Let's go back to the title of this little bit.

When Moe introduces Abagail to the men in his poker party he calls her, "The best prostitute in Coast County, and probably all the Five Counties".

Okay so, just what are the Five Counties?

Well the Five Counties are five fictional Florida counties where a majority of my Florida based stories are set. Coast County, where a majority of this novel is set, is an amalgam of nearly any coastal Florida county you can visit. The name of the county is an homage to the equally fictional

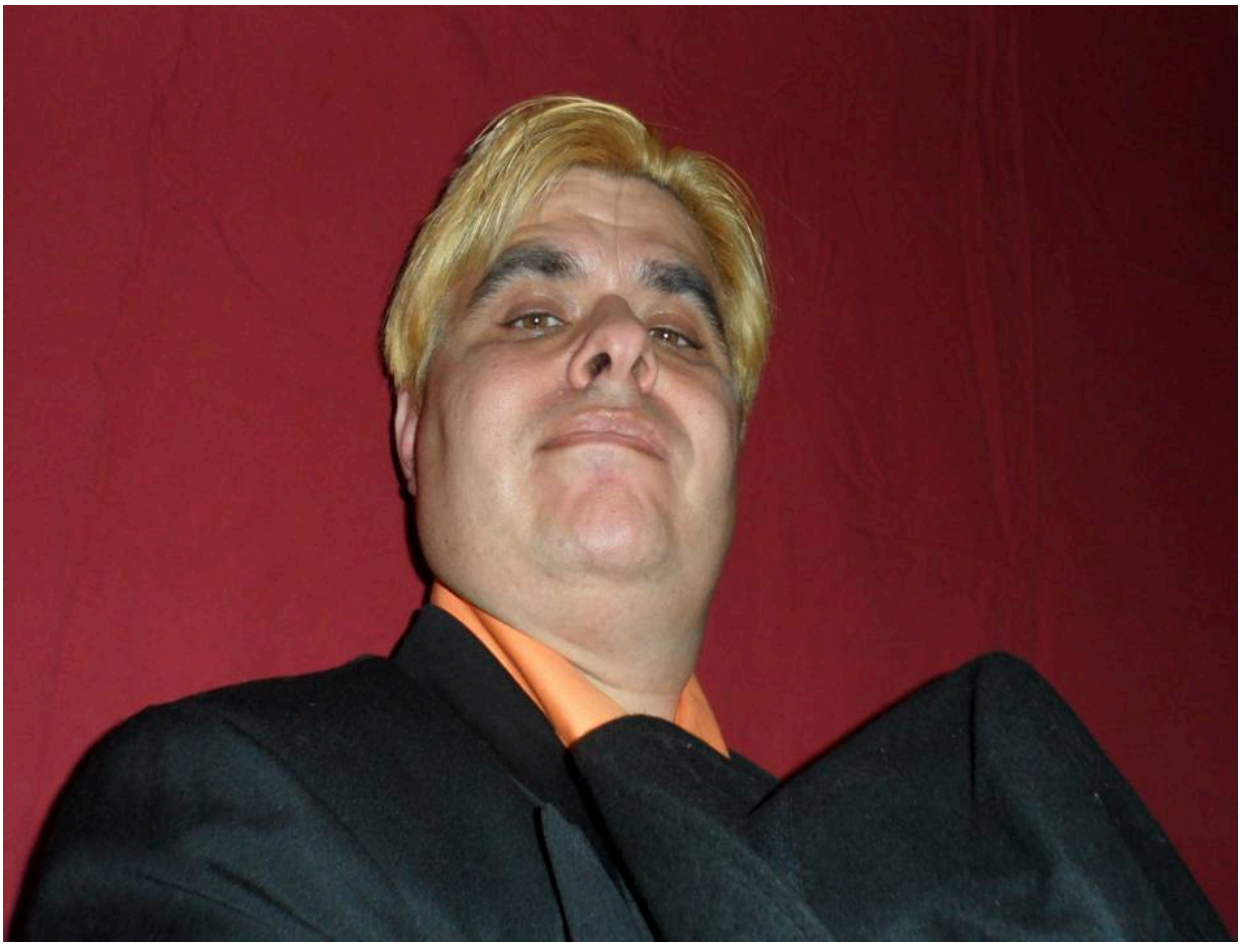
Coast City in the DC Comics Universe, and of course home of the Green Lantern, Hal Jordan. Hodder County, where Abagail King spent a majority of her life prior to moving to Sunny Beach, is based on some of the more rural areas of Polk County, Florida, where I spent a majority of my own life. The name is an homage to actor Kane Hodder, who holds the record for playing undead killer Jason Vorhees in the *Friday the 13th* franchise. The other counties, although not named in this story are Poe, Bennick and Barker counties. A majority of my other Florida based works take place in Poe and Bennick counties. The name Barker County has yet to appear in any of my works, but I did have to have a name for the fifth county, so there it is.

Now, for history buffs, I'm sure you may see Abagail King as an unreliable narrator since she suspects that the patrons in one of the establishments at the Sunny Beach Boardwalk are watching the infamous O.J. Simpson low speed chase on the television, you know the one that pretty much birthed the dredge that is reality TV. Since this event actually would have begun several hours later, in her defense, one can only suspect that at the time she was writing her account she was unaware of exactly what time the chase occurred due to the fact that that was a very busy day in the life of Abagail King, and she started vacation the next day.

Hey, it happens to the best of us.

Michael C. Laney
Clermont, FL
January 25, 2017

About the Author



Michael C. Laney lives in Clermont, Florida with his wife, Betsy, and their many, many cats. His sons Alex and Quentin currently reside somewhere "Up North". He is the author of *Heather's Journey Volume One: The Sound of her MASTER'S VOICE* and *Frog Nog and Other Horrorday Tales*. He is also the GHOST of *House of Master Vyle Presents* and creator of *The Golden Horde* with Gorenard the Beerbarian.

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